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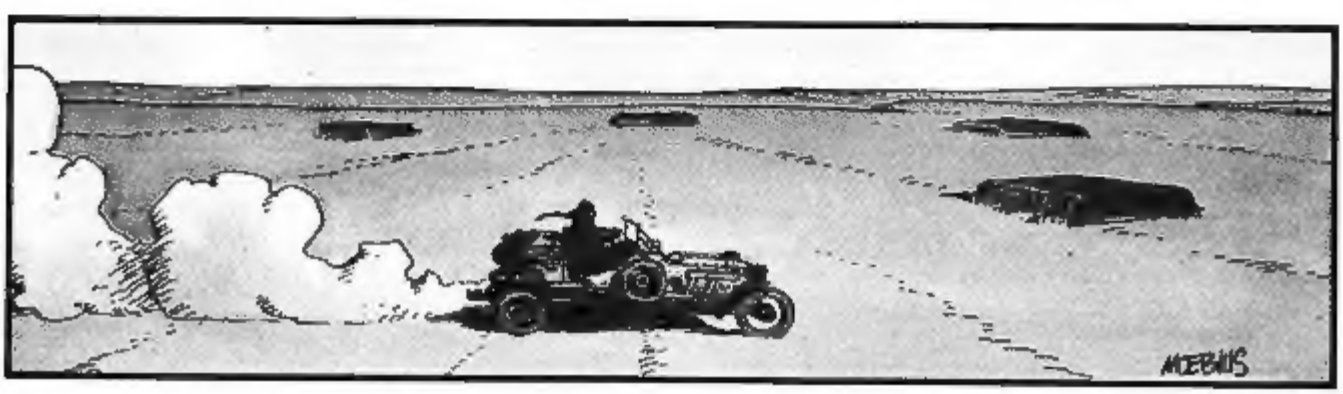

Illustration by **David Yorke**

...Thirty-two...

Lotsa goodies in store and story: Corben is back with "Rowlf," an instant classic guaranteed to continue here for the near future. "Galactic Geographic" also makes a return (bet you knew it would), as do Frank Brunner's illuminations of Michael Moorcock's "Elric," (the first half of which you will recall (that *is* an order!) appeared in our September issue. (Back issues—in case you missed any—are available from the publisher. Check it out.)

Then there's Bodé's "Zooks," which gives a different perspective to at least the art and science of magazine-reading positions. For those who prefer as few words as possible with their pictures, "Homer's Idyll" may do the job. The rest of you can recoup on the words with our final installment of "The Stars My Destination."

The mix of French and American material is gradually settling into balance, but more changes are forthcoming.

Next issue will greet the holiday season with Christmas charm, very Gallic; the new year will see a new editor and some new directions: nothing lost, something gained.

Cheers!

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CHAIN MAIL

Dear Sir:

The other day as I was reading my *Heavy Metal*, a friend (Jeff) asked me if I knew how the pictures in the magazine were made. I'm somewhat familiar with reproduction techniques and started running it down to him. He said, "No, I mean where the picture came from," as in where (or how) the picture originated. I figured someone just sat down and drew them. He told me that I was wrong and explained that a few years back during the halftime of a Super Bowl game, an artist by the name of Leroy Neimen demonstrated a machine that produces pictures without the artist (the machine requires an artist to operate it) ever touching a pencil or pen. With the advances in computer technology, I can believe that there is such a machine, but I wasn't ready to believe that the art in *Heavy Metal* was a product of such a machine. Jeff told me that Leroy Neimen said that all cartooning today is done with this machine; and therefore, the pictures in *Heavy Metal* were produced that way.

Would you please clarify this for me. Are you familiar with this machine; and is the art in *Heavy Metal* a product of it? In the event that the answer to the latter part of the last question is "some of it is," the particular picture in question is in Paul Kirchner's "Tarot," on the bottom of page 65 of the December 1978 issue. If you would please, please settle this for me, it would be greatly appreciated, as it has somehow become a bit of a major issue between my friend and me.

Michael B. Cagle
Florence, Ariz.

Dear Michael:

Yes, they have put men on the moon and invented American processed cheese food in a can, but the art in Heavy Metal *is still produced by hand.—The Eds.*

Dear Editors:

Each time you publish a copy of *HM* filled with esoteric nonsense, I resolve not to renew my subscription. Then you publish an issue like August with purposeful, imaginative story lines and beautiful color and artwork, and I'm pleased to be a subscriber. I do miss Moebius's fantastic color work.

Why is there always a letter with a reference to the correlation between marijuana and your magazine published in Chain Mail? Do you people have the East Coast franchise?

Albert Marten
Beloit, Kan.

Dear *Heavy Metal:*

You have a fine artistic fantasy magazine. My problem is I'm not too involved in aggressive magazines. Not to say *Heavy Metal* is violent, it's just too powerful for me.

I'm willing to bet that there are thousands of people out there just waiting for...a magazine that holds the gentle side of fantasy. I'm all for sex, but I feel the world is so full of sex for the pleasure of it that love is being left out in the cold more and more every day. Why not design a fantasy magazine that is truly fantasy? Something that the world sees very little of these days: romance. My own senses are revolted by art that displays such things as people kicking others in the balls or throwing up in each other's faces, gouging out eyes or hacking off heads. It just seems so sadistic to me. Sex should be gentle and romantic, not violent and artificial with vibrators and dildos shoved here and there to make the human act of love animalistic.

Please don't misunderstand me, I'm not looking for comic-book love and adventure. I'm looking for two nude people coming together in the act of love, not sex. There's a big difference. We hear of war and ugliness, killing and rape, every day of our lives. Why not corner the market on something that is never seen: a beautiful, peaceful world. This is true fantasy; what could be more unrealistic?

Regie A. Struble
Lakewood, Colo.

Dear *Heavy Metal:*

Those unenlightened buffoons who write the unappreciated, if not venomous, letters complaining about such trivialities as morality, explicity (or lack of), or story quality, cannot determine the very difference between celestial black holes and their own offal canals....You continue to bring us the finest writers and illustrators and we love you for that! More!

Mark Jackson
Lodi, Calif.

The Story of Rowlf

In the land of Canis, peace and tranquility reigned. The people, mainly peasant farmers and castle servants, loved the elderly ruler. The king had a daughter, Maryara, who was wondrously fair to look upon. The girl was of an age to receive suitors, and her father encouraged her, for the sake of her future subjects, to make a wise choice. Some came to court her with hope of gaining a handsome dowry, until they learned that Canis, although happy, was a rather poor land. However Raymon was convinced that once he was in power, he could change things . . .

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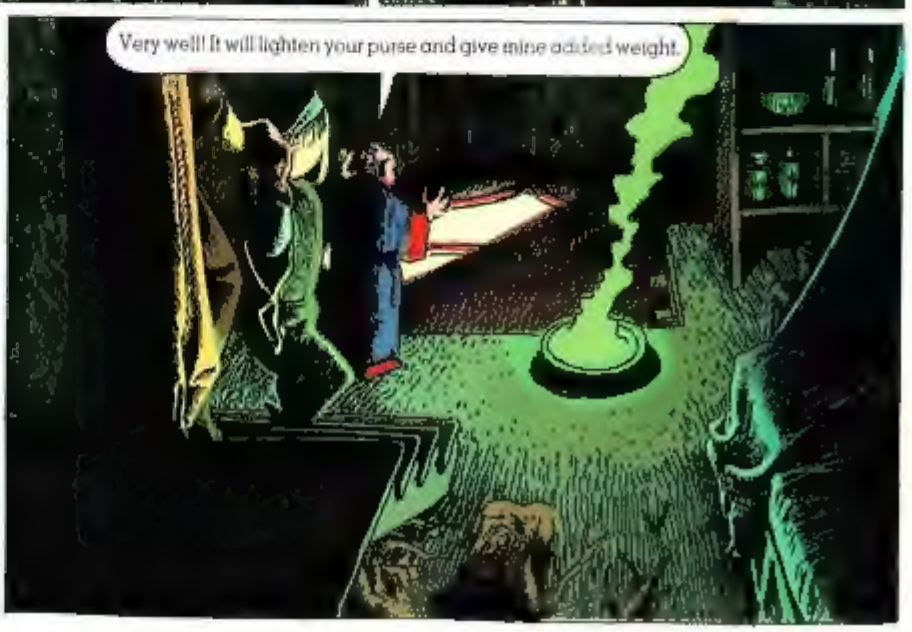
. . . except for **Rowlf.** Maryara was extremely fond of her faithful wolf-dog. Rowlf loved his mistress to the limit of his capacity. But he hated Maryara's suitors, especially Raymon.

I have a very special surprise for you today. We're going to see Sortrum the wizard. I've persuaded him to give us a demonstration of his occult powers.
That should be very interesting, Raymon.



The dog didn't trust the two men and intended to watch the proceedings.

I will show you something that no other human has witnessed. **MOBILAMORPH!** I, Sortrum the sorcerer, will change the form of one creature into one that is completely different!

See this silly little cat! His role in life shall soon be altered. . . There, sit still, little kitty.

GORATH SUMNO BON NIKTO MORADA . . .

GONAR PUTHNABORAT FELINEOUSARUM MOBILA VESPERTILION BATALUNEOUS!

Heh, heh, heh! Look at her go!

Rowlf leaped to protect his mistress.

AGMPH
Oh, what laughter
GRUNCH
NO NO NO AAARRRGG
SLOSH
BLAM
GET THAT DAMNED DOG OUT OF HERE!
Rowlf is the greatest dog in the world. You ought to get rid of him.
He was only trying to protect us but Wizard has his hands with
GROANRR
and I'll keep my cute all the adventures but a change
to ha But m still going rather about getting rid must speak to Sotnum undo the damage Rowlf The wizard is very impor of Camaland
It's us because he's so upset am going to stay out here with him for a while
Rowlf, for
for them and
cats
It was a pleasant warm day in Camelot much too nice to the dreary proceedings at the house of Sotnum. Recalling the innocent joys of childhood Maryara longed to her forthcoming responsibility

Oh what a beautiful pool! Looks like the one
It is rather warm today. That cool water looks so inviting
I'll do it. You'll keep a watch out for me won't you, Rowlf? Warn me if anyone approaches
Stop
Aughhh! he's

Rowf became suddenly quiet as a presence
Rowf who is it? Is someone there?
GROAWRR
EEEAGH

In her haste to escape the hideous creature Yara ran directly into another

Rowlf, with the situation almost under control, turns to face the second threat

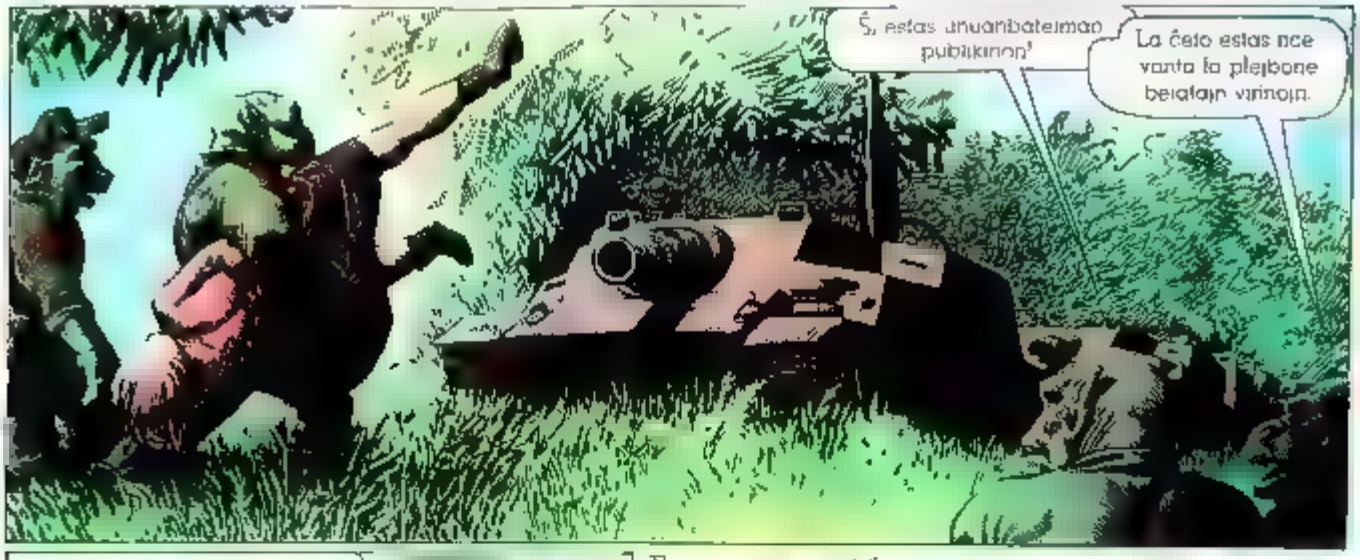
Somehow ...g that he couldn't fight the strange we... Rowlf obeyed Yara's command and ran to ... Raymon.

But alas, the demon abductor didn't wait for help to arrive

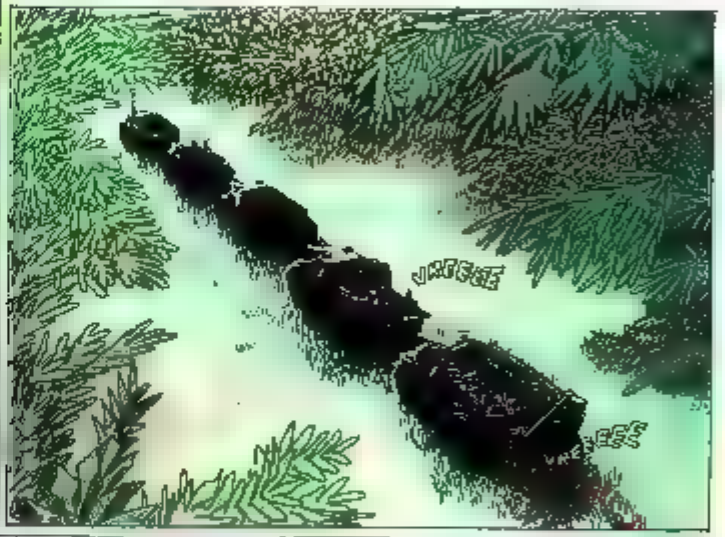
The fore... sounds were hushed, only whimpering and rustling leaves were heard.

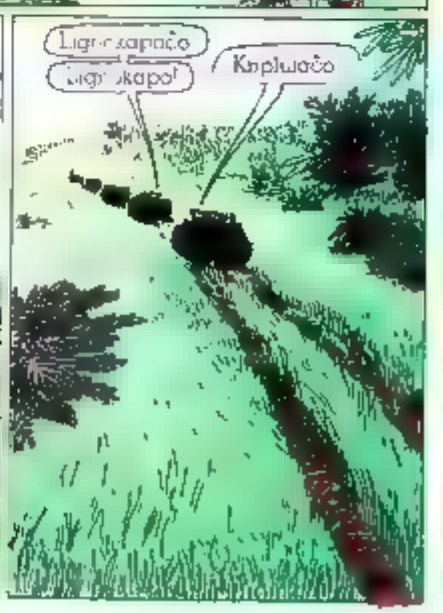
...the beast's overpowering ... Yara spiritedly fought to

Yara had never seen the likes of such machines as these in her life. She couldn't imagine their purpose, nor at this moment did she care.



The pow[illegible] plants of the [illegible] whisper [illegible] steading sou[illegible]



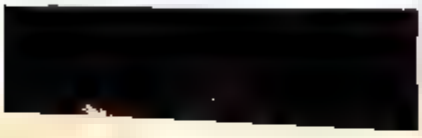


Meanwhile Rowlf had returned to Sartrum's house
Oh G... he's back
BARK
BARK
BARK
Shut up damn it uh hey! Where is Maryaka
If he ma... es o... e more ... k...
BARK
BARK
BARK
What ... that stuff on his ... ur?
BLOOD! ... ar... blood
Good Lord Jasp
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH YARA, YOU BEAST?
BARK
WUF
GRRR...
... must have bee... is wo... her tag. The savage monster turned on Yara and murdered her. Where is she?
Just look at the a... ng t... end
GRRRRRRRR
Fo... all ... s because ... a... ha... ke human ... ould not under... and him. He turned on Jong to save Yara himself
Don't le... him es... one
CLANG
... Oh.
Yes, of course! If he could talk we could force the in formation from him
And ... a man c... ...s
The ... ...f... ... ...ame ... the ... ...oking the ... ...t ... ...ssistant
DRRRRRRR

Seriento
Cu estas la lokon?
Jes. Mi estas revenanta ruan bazan √ havas la konadon. Permesu nen
The sergeant remounted his vehicle and signaled to the platoon.
The chief waited and watched the column advance toward the castle
IRU!
RUMBL
RUMBL
RUMBL
RUMBL
You
Do you doubt the powers of Sortrum the sorcerer
What's that noise?
It's coming
sounds
is shaking
GOOD LORD!
Sortrum come here
at those weird things
What in the world? They
damn it!
SHUT UP, MAN!
You'll ruin the spell. Rowlf
Canis
into Homo Sapiens
Mobilus Canis
Sapiens
SORTRUM
look out
the window
What's that
You fool! You caused
me
miscast the spell!
GORATH-SHAM-KUM NEDA-LITLAT--- CANIS-ROWLF-MOBILER
WHAT?

SPEAK!
BARK
RR
Dunno
KA
BLAM

Rowlf remembered his mission. Yarra was in danger. For the first time in his life he thought over the situation. First he must escape the these stupid humans.



assured that his orders were being carried out the demon chief left the scene

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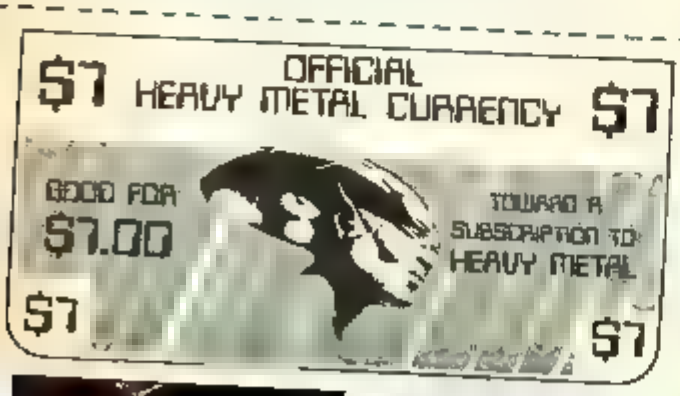
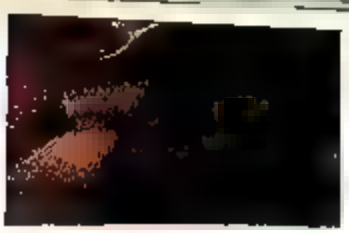




said evening was fast approaching. Desperately he ran on. He stumbled

ing, and he
injure trembled
Slowly the quivering stopped. Finally all was still. Night had fallen.

to be continued

To be continued

EGG-STAINED WINE

CRASH

"IT DIDN'T WORK. 'E'S STILL OUT THERE. BLIGHTER'S BEEN THERE ALL NIGHT."

"WHAT'LL WE DO, MOUSIE?"
"WE AIN'T TAKIN' IT, THAT'S WOT"

"I'M GOIN' OUT IT'S HIM OR ME!"

"HEY, ORC BREATH!"

"YA DONE IT, MOUSIE! YER WUNNERFUL"
"AW, 'TWAS NOTHIN'"

"WE'LL SEE YOU LATER TA TA"

"AIN'T NO BIRD GONNA MAKE A MEAL OUTTA ME I'M NOBODY'S.

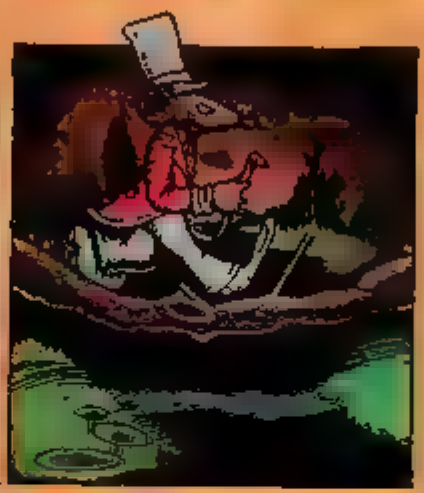
BAWOOM!
.. FOOL YARR!!!"

"SWINE, SCOUNDREL, SNEAK!"

"MUST MAINTAIN RESPECT."

"MOUSE'S GOTTA KEEP 'IS PRIDE ABOUT 'IM."

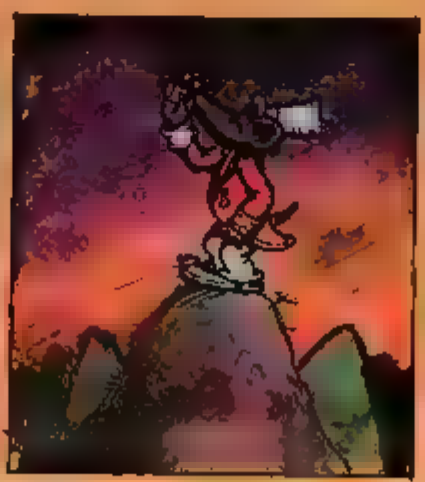
"THERE'S TOO MANY AS WOULD LIKE TO SEE A FELLER LOSE HIS PLACE."



"MAINTAIN BALANCE, THAS THA KEY, AN' LET 'EM KNOW WHO'S BOSS."

"PUFF, PUFF, PUFF."

"WE NEEDS A WEE NIP, DON'T WE, MOUSIE?"



"MUST PAUSE TO CONSIDER THE SITUATION."

"LAWDY, I'M COMING HOME."

"ME LITTLE HOLEY HOME."

"ME CASTLE, REFUGE FROM THE STORM."

"WHEW! BY ODKIN'S BALLOCKS!"

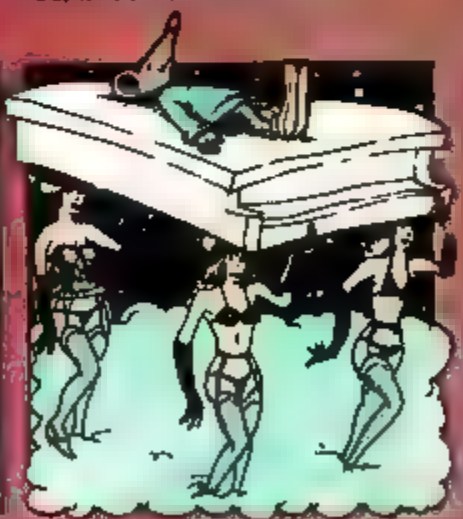
"THERE WUZ ORLOCKS BEHIND EV'RY BUSH."

"MONSTERS AN' GHOSTIES 'AT WOULDA LIKED A LITTLE OL' MOUSIE TO NIBBLE ON."

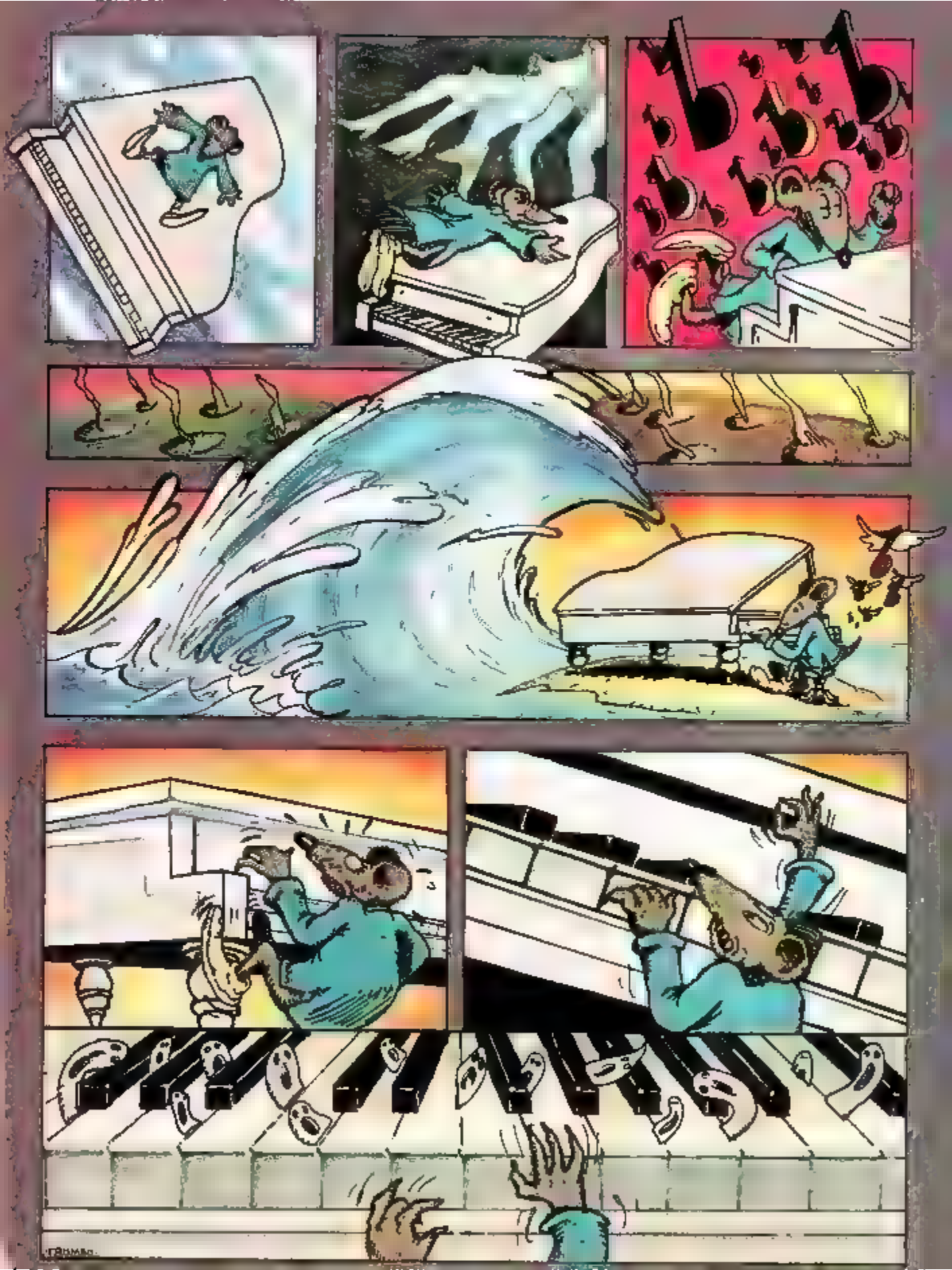
"BUT WE SHOWED 'EM, SCATTERED THE ROTTERS."

"TIME FOR CRITTERS TO SLEEP."

"SUCH A HEAD, TOO MUCH FUN."



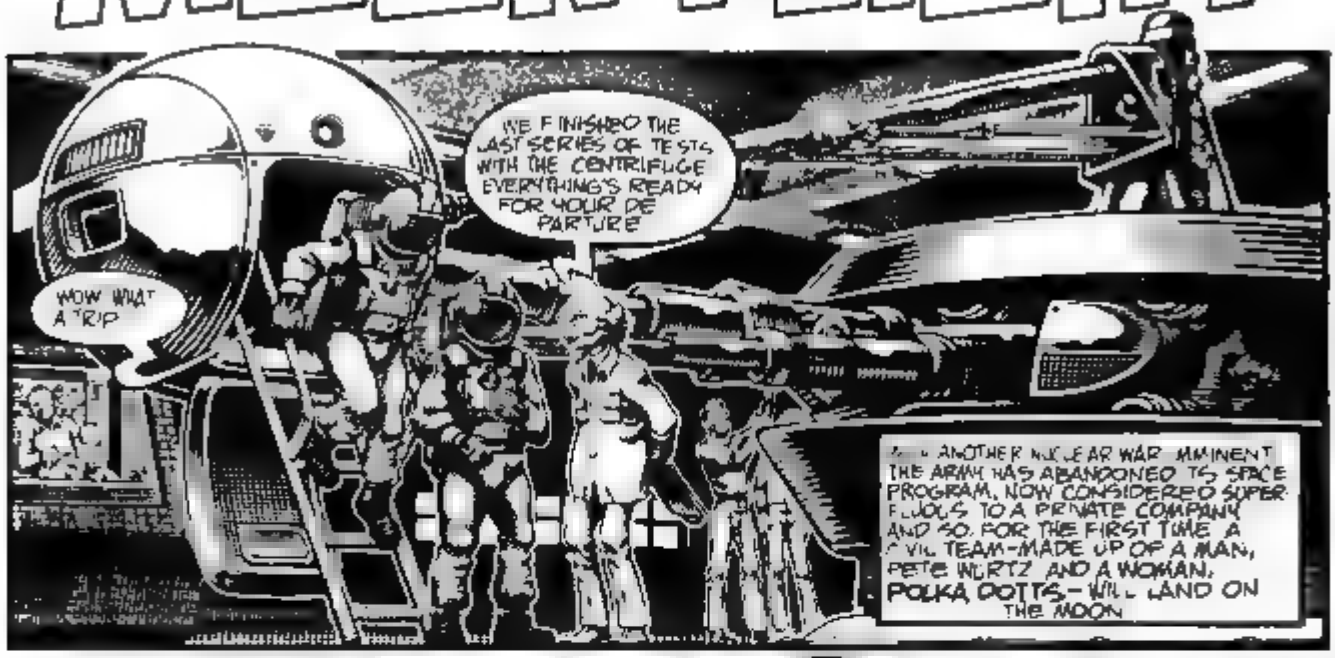
(MOUSE PROCEEDS TO DREAM.)



YAAHH
BLINK-BLINK
"HUH, WHAT, UH OH, MMM..."
"IT'S OK... I'M..."

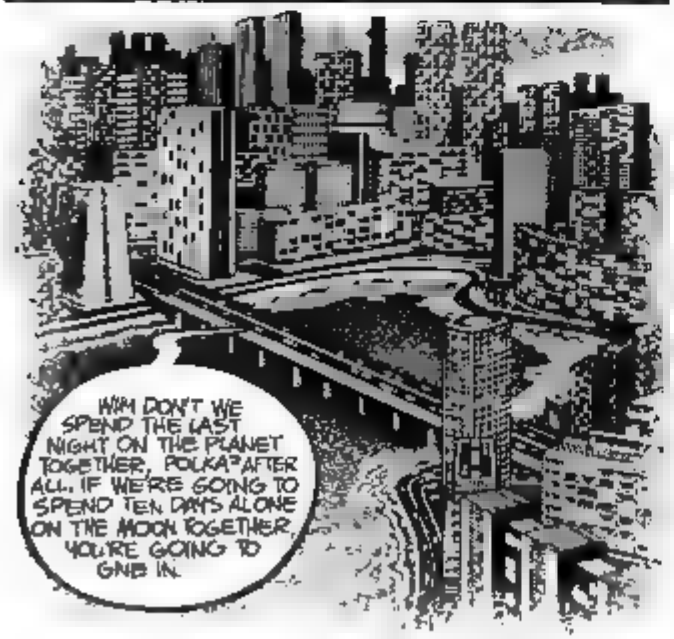
AWAKE???

MOON FLIGHT


WE FINISHED THE LAST SERIES OF TESTS WITH THE CENTRIFUGE EVERYTHING'S READY FOR YOUR DEPARTURE
WOW WHAT A TRIP
AMID ANOTHER NUCLEAR WAR IMMINENT THE ARMY HAS ABANDONED ITS SPACE PROGRAM, NOW CONSIDERED SUPERFLUOUS TO A PRIVATE COMPANY AND SO, FOR THE FIRST TIME A CIVIL TEAM-MADE UP OF A MAN, PETE WURTZ AND A WOMAN, POLKA DOTTS- WILL LAND ON THE MOON

HOW ABOUT IF I DROP BY YOUR HOUSE POLKA? WE COULD

AND GIVE UP ON THE OTHER!
JUST DROP ME OFF PETE!

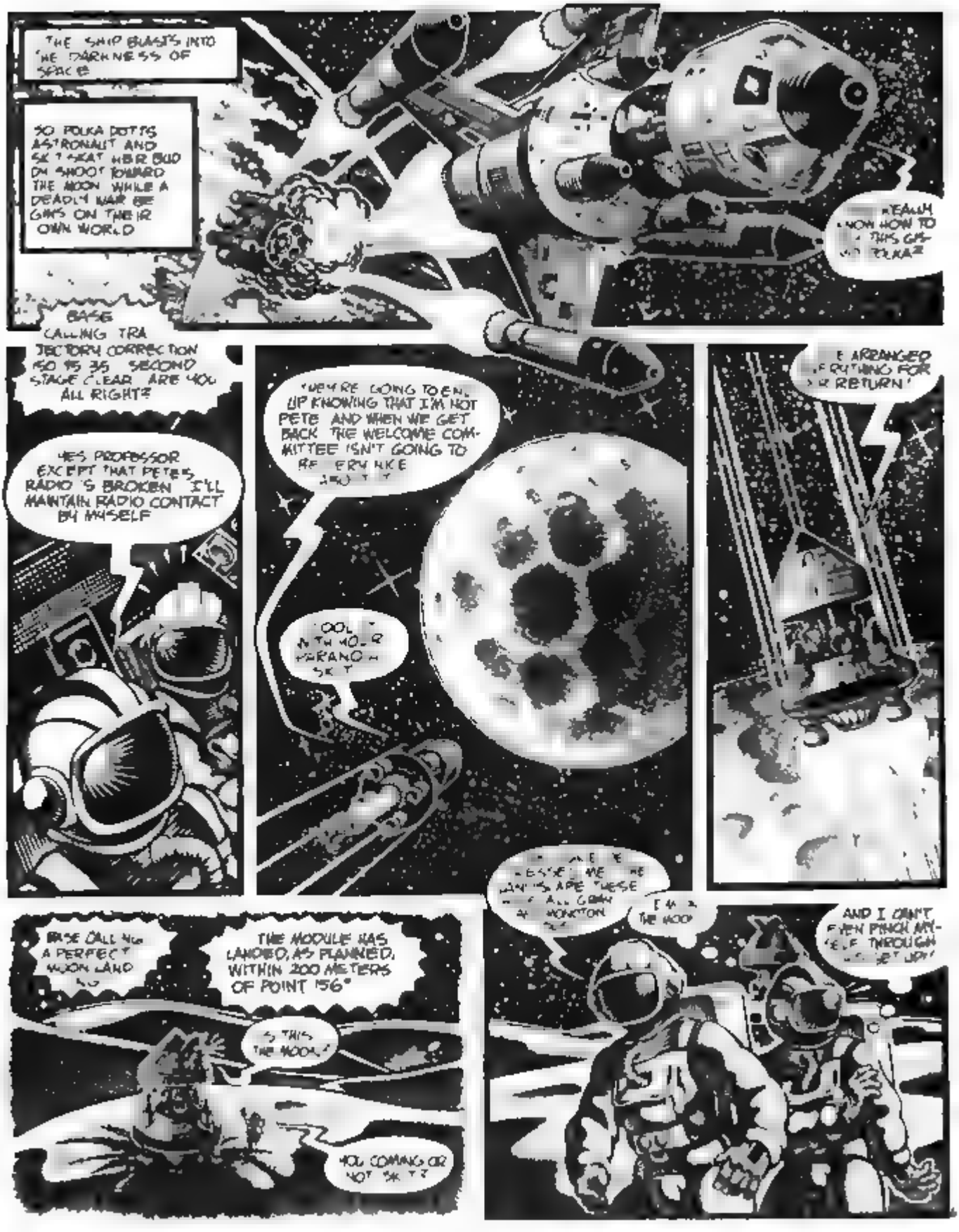

WHY DON'T WE SPEND THE LAST NIGHT ON THE PLANET TOGETHER, POLKA? AFTER ALL, IF WE'RE GOING TO SPEND TEN DAYS ALONE ON THE MOON TOGETHER YOU'RE GOING TO GIVE IN.

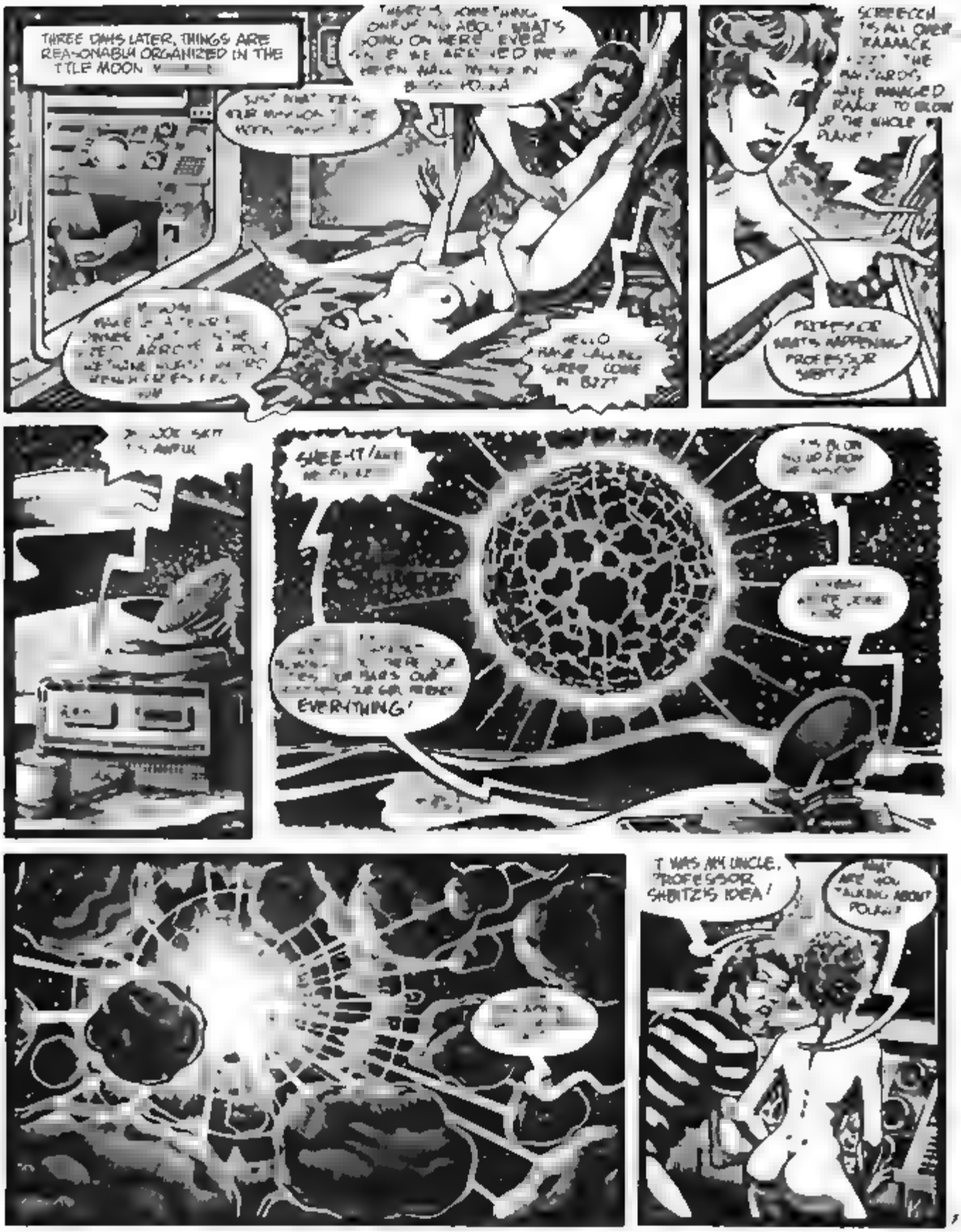
YOU REVOLT ME YOU CHAUVIN ST P G!
THERE'RE GOING TO BE MILLIONS OF VICTIMS IN THIS WAR AND ALL YOU THINK ABOUT IS GETTING YOUR ROCKS OFF!

CLICK!
SKII!
WHAT A JERK WAY GUM
HEY FOLKA, GOT A MATCH?
?
I THOUGHT YOU WERE WITH CAPTAIN RUSTAN'S FLYING CIRCUS!
MMMMMM I'M SO HAPPY THAT YOU'RE HERE TONIGHT
WE HAD TO GIVE UP THE AERIAL SHOW THE WAR YOU KNOW
MMM
THE TWO FRIENDS CELEBRATE THEIR REUNION IN THE MOST AGREEABLE WAY...
WOWWW!
SOON SKIT! IT'S - MAN'S LIKE THE - RST TIME WITH YOU -NCE THE VERY FIRST TIME!
I WOULD RATHER GO W TH HOL TO THE MOON THAN WITH THAT DEPRAVED, PETE
RAZM OR WHAT?

THIS IS AN HIS-

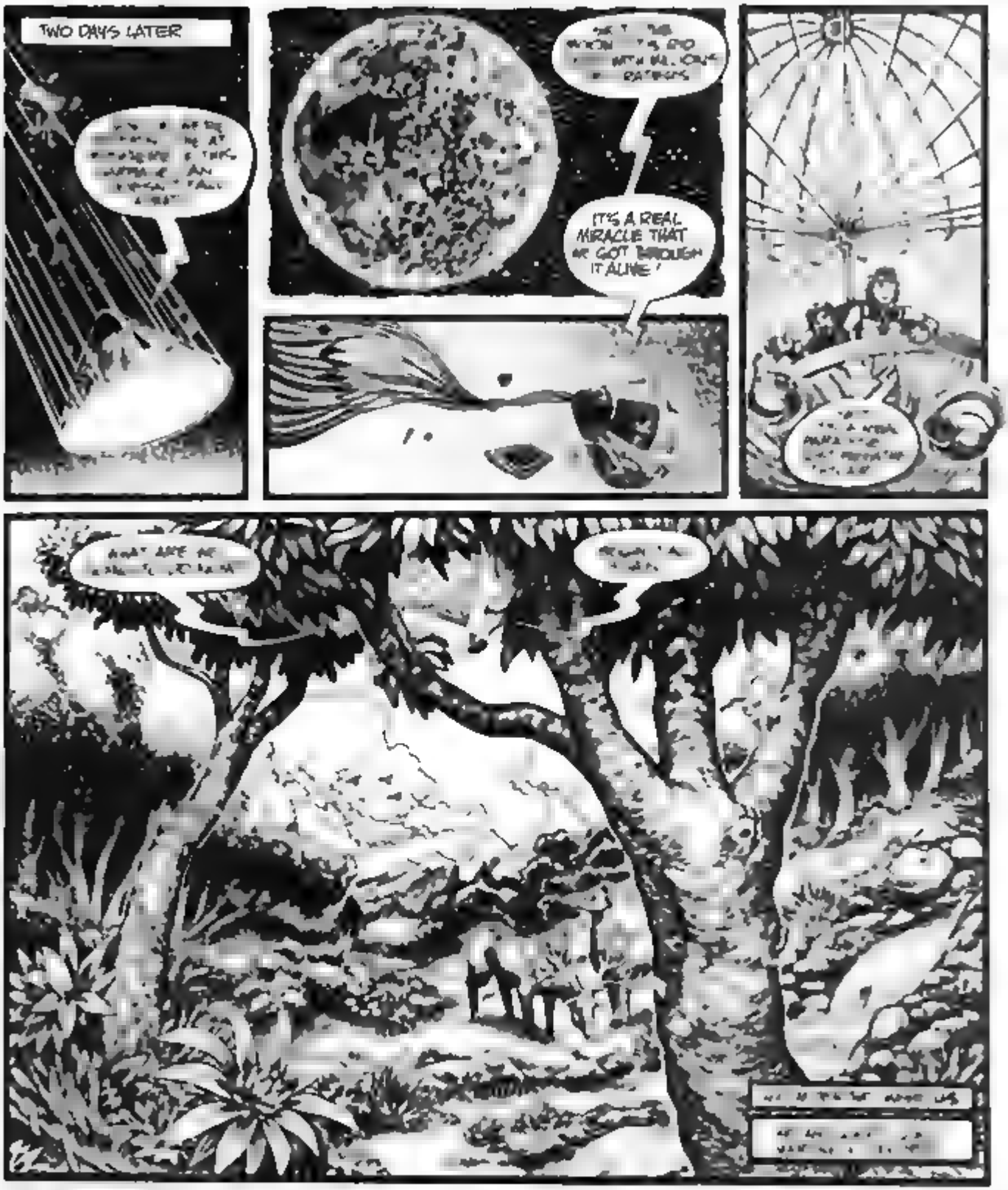
A LITTLE WHILE LATER IN THE CONTROL ROOM
'3.20
PROFESSOR ABTZ?
HERE I AM, POLKA WE'RE COMPLETING OUR CHECK-OUT OF THAT SCRAP HEAP THAT THE ARMY SOLD US! HOW DID YOUR BIO-CHECKUPS GO? IS PETE THERE?
MMM YES. PROF EVERY-THING'S FINE
JOIN US ON THE GANG-PLANK WHEN YOU'RE READY!
HOWDY, BABE!
IT'S ME YOUR LOVER BOY PETE!
IN GOOD SHAPE FOR OUR HONEY MOON!
IF YOU'VE GOT ANY DOUBTS ABOUT MY BODY YOU CAN FINGER THE MERCHAN DISE
REEL IT BACK IN, PETE 'CAUSE YOU'RE NOT GOING WITH ME
WHA?? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
WHO IS THAT?
HE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO MANAGES TO SEND ME INTO SPACE
AND HE'S THE ONE I'M GOING TO FLY WITH
WHAT? THAT CREEP??
AIEEE!
MMMPH!
CRACK!


THE SHIP BLASTS INTO THE DARKNESS OF SPACE
SO POLKA DOTTS ASTRONAUT AND SKY SEAT HERBUD DA SHOOT TOWARD THE MOON WHILE A DEADLY WAR RAGES ON THEIR OWN WORLD
BASE CALLING TRA JECTORY CORRECTION NO 95 35 SECOND STAGE CLEAR ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
YES PROFESSOR EXCEPT THAT PETE'S RADIO IS BROKEN I'LL MAINTAIN RADIO CONTACT BY MYSELF
YOU'RE GOING TO END UP KNOWING THAT I'M NOT PETE AND WHEN WE GET BACK THE WELCOME COMMITTEE ISN'T GOING TO BE VERY NICE
I ARRANGED SOMETHING FOR YOUR RETURN!
BASE CALL YOU A PERFECT MOON LAND
THE MODULE HAS LANDED, AS PLANNED, WITHIN 200 METERS OF POINT "56"
IS THIS THE MOON?
YOU COMING OR NOT SKY?
AND I CAN'T EVEN PINCH MYSELF THROUGH MY GLOVES!


THREE DAYS LATER, THINGS ARE REASONABLY ORGANIZED IN THE TITLE MOON
SCREECCH IS ALL OVER KAAMACK ... THE MAYORS HAVE MANAGED KAAKO TO GROW OF THE WHOLE PLANET
EVERYTHING!
I WAS MY UNCLE, PROFESSOR SHRITZ'S IDEA!
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT POLA?

HE SAID THAT THE NEXT WAR WOULD BE TOTAL AND HE REALLY CARED FOR ME
A MOON MISSION WAS BEING ORGANIZED AND SINCE HE WAS THE HERO FOR IT
HE SUGGESTED THAT I TAKE PART IN IT AND STAY ON THE MOON UNTIL HOSTILITIES WERE OVER BUT I DIDN'T LIKE MY TEAMMATE AT ALL
SO, MY UNCLE HELPED ME TAKE ALONG SOMEONE ELSE WHO SUITED ME BETTER
ME?
IF YOU MAY CONTINUE THE RACE BETTER TO BE WITH SOMEONE YOU ME
IT'S NICE OF YOU TO HAVE THOUGHT OF ME IN YOUR PLANS TO CONTINUE THE RACE BUT
SKIT!! THE DEBRIS FROM THE EXPLOSION
NOW IT'S OUR TURN TO GET IT POUKA
AN HOUR LATER
EDIBLE MODULE IS NEED ,D BUT T MADE E'S SO LOOK AT E ARMOUR
IS THE SKIT? WE HAVE NOWHERE TO UNLESS WE WANT TO DIE
DON'T TALK SHIT POUKA AS LONG AS WE'RE BREATHING THERE'S HOPE THIS HEAP OF TINS IN TERRIBLE SHAPE BUT WE'LL
HOW LONG CAN WE HOLD OUT?
THE OXYGEN UNDER SUIP AND THE FOOD SON THE SIZZLE HOLD OUT
BUT WHAT

EIGHT MONTHS PASS WHILE THE MOON, PROPELLED BY THE EXPLOSION ON EARTH AROUND WHICH IT TURNS, CROSSES SPACE IN THE DIRECTION OF THE SUN
INSIDE THE MOON MODULE SKIT AND POLKA DIVIDE THEIR TIME AMONG REPAIRING THE CAPSULE MAKING LOVE AND ARTIFICIALLY INDUCED SLEEP
OCCHHH, I THINK YOU HAVE A LITTLE HEAVY WITH THE SLEEPING PILLS! WE MUST HAVE SLEPT MORE THAN FIFTY HOURS
ACCH! WHAT'S THE USE OF WAKING UP?
YOU FINISHED REPAIRING THE CAPSULE BUT IT'S ONLY GOT THREE DAYS LIFE SUPPORT LEFT
THE MOON'S GOING TO FLY RIGHT INTO THE SUN IT'LL BE ALL OVER SOON
A LITTLE MORE LATER
THE SPACE WAVES WE'RE PICKING UP
FROM TERRA SHOW THE EXISTENCE OF A BIOSPHERE
IN WHICH WE CAN SURVIVE!
OH, SHIT! THE MOON!! LOOK! IT'S PUTTING ITSELF IN ORBIT AROUND TERRA, THE THIRD PLANET IN THE SOLAR SYSTEM!
THEN BLAST OFF TOWARD TERRA (OUR OWN GOOD OLD PLANET AS YOU MAY HAVE REALIZED) ON BOARD THE SHIP WHICH SHIP HAS PUT THEM TO



DR. THE GERMAN ASTRONOMER OLBERS (1758-1840) SUGGESTED IN 1802 THAT AMONG THE LITTLE PLANETS (GRANTED) BETWEEN MARS AND JUPITER FORMING A SORT OF RING, WAS A UNIQUE PLANET SMALLER THAN EARTH WHICH EXPLODED (THE NEW ASTRONOMY J.C PECKER)

Barlowe's Guide to Extraterrestrials

by Ian Summers and Wayne Barlowe

The following accounts are excerpted from the upcoming book *Barlowe's Guide to Extraterrestrials* published this fall by Workman Publishing Co., Inc., 144-page trade paperback with illustrated descriptions of creatures in brilliant color and raw detail. ©1979 Wayne Barlowe and Ian Summers.

MOTHER

Source: *Strange Relations* **by Philip Jose Farmer**

Physical characteristics: The Mother is a large intelligent organism with protective outer camouflage resembling a large boulder in size and texture. Within the outer shell is a warm, fleshlike skin. A long, stalklike antenna is capable of broadcasting messages in radio frequencies and receiving information from other members of its species.

A great opening in the Mother's side, edged with a hairlike fringe, opens for feeding or mating. The interior of the being is an egg-shaped chamber approximately nine meters in length. The smooth, inner walls are moist and reddish-gray in color covered with small red and blue tubes, which may function as veins and arteries.

The Mother has several hearts, four stomachs, powerful lungs and scent glands used to lure prey. A deep mouth cavity lined with thousands of razor-sharp fangs opens from the inner chamber. The Mother is omnivorous, eating both the flesh of her prey and vegetable matter brought to her by a symbiotic parasite.

Habitat: The Mothers inhabit the planet Baudelaire, a cloud-covered, Earth-like world orbiting a double sun.

Reproduction: All Mothers are immobile and female. All mobile beings are therefore considered male. The Mother seduces her mates by exuding an attracting musk. The male is then brought inside the Mother and induced to attack a "conception spot"—a large circular swelling on the inner wall. This abrasion by beak, claw or fang starts the conception process. The male is then devoured by the mouth cavity.

After conception, the spot swells into a bag in which develops ten young. The young are dropped into the womblike interior of the Mother where they are nurtured from the organic stew in her stomach. When they are over a meter in length the young are pushed out of the womb. They roll until they reach the empty shell of a dead adult or the top of a hill. Here they put out thin, threadlike tentacles which probe deep into the soil for water and nutrients. Using available materials they fashion layers of protective shell to shelter them from predators.

MOTHER

POLARIAN
Source: *Cluster* by Piers Anthony

Physical characteristics: The Polarian is a teardrop-shaped being, approximately 1.8 meters tall when fully extended. A muscular socket at the bottom of the body holds the large wheel. At the upper end, the body tapers to a flexible tentacle (called a trunk if the Polarian is male, and a tail if female) that terminates in a smaller ball, held in place by a similar socket. Both ball and wheel are spun in their sockets by powerful, adhesive muscles. With its wheel spinning, a Polarian is capable of moving at speeds approaching seventy miles per hour and can rapidly change directions. By spinning the smaller ball against a hard surface, the Polarian can produce a wide range of sounds, including some that approximate human speech.

The Polarian's soft and flexible body has no bones. The dark brown skin is smooth and waxy; it acts as a radiation receptor, transmitting sensory information to the Polarian. The Polarian's skin can also radiate light, glowing in response to the being's emotions.

IXCHEL
Source: *A Wrinkle in Time* by Madeleine L'Engle

Physical characteristics: The Ixchel are compassionate, gentle beings. Their tall, elegant, muscular bodies are covered with short, silky gray hair. Graceful tentacles extend from each of the powerful arms, acting as both fingers and speech organs. Other softly waving tentacles on the head function as receptors of sound and thought. The Ixchel have no eyes and cannot understand what visually oriented beings describe as sight. The Ixchel exude a delicate fragrance that is soothing and attractive. Through their gentle touch, they can ease pain and heal illness.

Habitat: The planet Ixchel is Earth like, but because the atmosphere is opaque, it receives only diffuse gray light during the day, and is completely lightless at night. Sight, as human beings know it, has not evolved on Ixchel, so the vegetation of the planet has had no reason to develop toward bright colorations—the predominant colors are brown and gray. The Ixchel live in great stone halls adorned with textures and carvings.

Culture: Very little is known about the culture and society of the Ixchel. They are at war with a totalitarian group-mind, which inhabits another planet in their system, and which plans to eventually absorb the entire inhabited galaxy.

POLARIAN

Reproduction: The Polarian reproduces in a unique fashion. The male and female circle each other, the male following a seductive scent trail laid down by the female's wheel. They circle faster and faster, spiraling inward toward each other until they meet. The male entwines his trunk around the female's tail, and their two balls touch in an electrifying spinning kiss. Slowly, the male releases his wheel and takes the exposed lower part of the female's wheel into his now vacant wheel chamber. Their sockets seal tightly against each other and together they spin the wheel, generating intense heat and releasing special enzymes. There is a moment of rapture as an electrochemical shift occurs, sending a shock through their bodies. The mutual wheel rolls free of the lovers, steaming and soft. In moments it unfolds, stage by stage, into a fully developed young Polarian, able to care for itself. The male retrieves his wheel, while the female transfers her ball into her wheel socket, where it will gradually grow into a full sized wheel. In a final embrace, the male gives her his ball to replace her now missing communication organ, rendering himself mute until he can grow a new one. The two part never to mate again.

IXCHEL

VELANTIAN
Source: *Children of the Lens* by E.E. "Doc" Smith

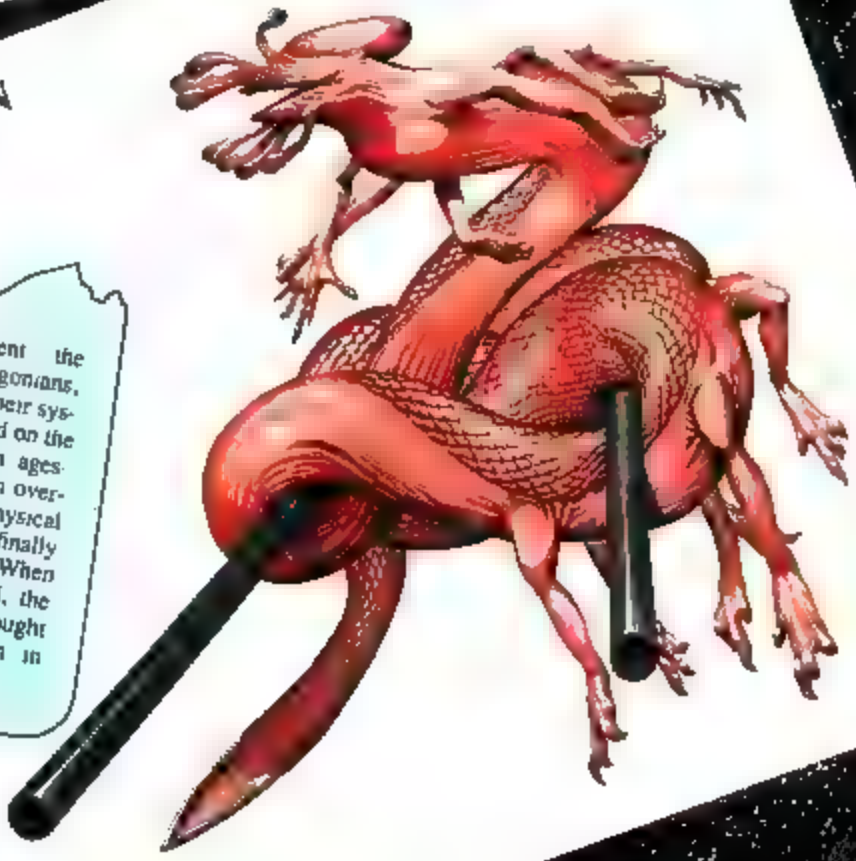
Physical characteristics: The Velantian has a ten-meter long serpentine body strongly muscled and covered with almost impenetrable skin and scales. Talons on the hands and feet are razor sharp, as is the knife-bladed tail. Broad leathery wings used for gliding fold out of sight when the being is at rest.

Velantians are telepathic and can project their thoughts over enormous distances even to nontelepathic races. Their brilliant and complex minds, their ability to withstand high gravitational stresses and accelerations, and their advanced scientific knowledge make them well suited to interstellar exploration and contact.

Habitat: The Velantians inhabit the third planet of the star Velantia. Their planet, also called Velantia, is Earth like in all major respects.

VELANTIAN

Culture: Early in their development the Velantians were enslaved by the Delgonians, the inhabitants of the second planet in their system. The Delgonians, also telepathic, fed on the life force of tortured Velantians. In an ages-long struggle to break free of the Delgon overlords, the Velantians developed their physical and mental sciences in secret until they finally discovered an effective mind shield. When Delgon control was broken by the shield, the Velantians built interplanetary ships and fought a savage war of extermination with Delgon in the end utterly destroying the Delgonians.



REGUL

REGUL
Source: *The Faded Sun: Kesrith*
by C.J. Cherryh

Physical characteristics: Regul are slow-moving, long-lived beings whose bodies change radically as they grow older. In their youth they are erect and relatively slender, with a bone structure visible under their gray-brown pebbly skin. Their extremely short legs are bowed, which causes the young Regul to move with a rolling gait. As the Regul ages, the body grows heavier, until, in old age, nothing of the being's body shape can be determined under the massive, wrinkled rolls of flesh. Soon after the Regul becomes an adult, it reaches a weight at which it is impossible for it to move itself.

Regul are two gendered, but even the Regul themselves are unable to predict a youngling's future sex.

Culture: The Regul have built an interstellar commercial empire, organized by clans. The immobile adults direct the activities of young Regul from their power sleds and have the power of life and death over the younglings that owe them allegiance. As a race, the Regul are noncombative and nonviolent, except toward their own children, preferring to hire mercenaries of other species to fight their commercial wars.

ISHTAR

ISHTARIAN
Source: *Fire Time*
by Poul Anderson

Physical characteristics: The Ishtarian, with his leonine body and nearly human torso, stands about two meters tall. The body is covered with a mosslike plant, leafy on head and mane, which lives in symbiosis with the Ishtarian, removing carbon dioxide and wastes from the being's bloodstream and returning oxygen and vital minerals. In addition to providing the Ishtarian with a more efficient metabolism, the symbiotic plant acts as a last-resort food supply for the omnivorous beings.

Skin color among the Ishtarians varies widely, from very light brown to nearly black. Females are generally a little smaller than males, and their hearing is even more acute than the sharp-eared males'. Ishtarians live long lives, ranging from 300 to 500 years.

MESKLINITE
Source: *Mission of Gravity* and *Starlight*
by Hal Clement

Physical characteristics: The Mesklinite is 35 to 40 centimeters long and 5 centimeters in diameter with eighteen pairs of legs. The forward pincers function as hands, while the rear set are used for anchoring the Mesklinite in position when necessary. The being's four eyes surround a mandiblelike mouth. Each of the legs ends in a suckerlike foot, enabling the Mesklinite to tightly grip any surface. The Mesklinite has no lungs, absorbing hydrogen directly from the air into its body through skin pores. The being has a complex circulatory system, with a heart located in each body segment. Alongside the being's digestive tract is an internal siphon system, originally used by the Mesklinite's remote ancestors for self-propulsion, and now used to produce speech. The Mesklinite's voice has a wide frequency range—from very low to what humans consider ultrasonic—and can be extremely loud.

Habitat: The planet Ishtar circles the star Bel Bel is a member of the three sun system of Anubelea, and once every thousand years Ishtar's orbit brings it very near one of Bel's companion stars The resulting increase in stellar radiation causes a terrible rise in the temperature of Ishtar, bringing drought, famine and finally burning off most of the vegetation The Ishtarians call this Fire Time

Culture: Long life spans, coupled with the thousand-year cycles of building and destruction caused by the Fire Time, have left the Ishtarians at a comparatively low level of technology, despite their inventive and flexible minds.

Habitat The planet Mesklin orbits a double sun Beine and Esdes requiring 4 8 Earth years for a complete orbit Mesklin makes a complete rotation on its axis once every eighteen minutes The tremendous forces generated by this rate of rotation have flattened Mesklin into a lozenge shape 76,800 kilometers in diameter at the equator and slightly less than 12,000 kilometers along the axis from pole to pole Because of Mesklin s unusual shape the gravitational force on the planet varies widely between the poles and the equator, ranging from 3 to 700 times greater than the Earth s normal gravitational force

MESKLINITE

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

HM #1 APRIL 1977 With Space Pilot, the [illegible] Hopkins of Juniper Dan pro Boss a Survey an excerpt from the epic-saving movie, Blue, the Sword of Shamona, Rock and more! $5.00

HM #2 MAY, 1977 Introducing Ridge, the pursued psionic Virgo, new issues, maiden Russian adventure Conquering Armies, the ultimate rock fighter, Mean Machine, Swords of an Don Con issue $4.00

HM #3 JUNE 1977 Features Night magic, [illegible] Donald E. Westlake, psychiatrists by Corben, Macrobo's Fluxbox, the hero, pursued Sword, the Sea, Purple, World Apart, Iron Dan, Sunset and Harlan $3.00

HM #4 JULY 1977 It's a must for Monsters fans, with [illegible] The long-complete and the end of the [illegible] and another heroine Gold Queen $3.00

HM #5 AUGUST 1977 [illegible] and Rocket in Jackpot World Apart and [illegible] $3.00

HM #6 SEPTEMBER 1977 [illegible] Arrow, [illegible] Mystery Theatre, [illegible] Mindless Ones, Dark World Apart, Den and Pussycats plus a Roger Dean, Dan size $3.00

HM #7 OCTOBER 1977 Packed with bright, [illegible] the [illegible] the Humanoids, pursuers, 19 page [illegible] Mentius, the Ancient Gunner, [illegible] issue and Monthly Preview Storybook $3.00

HM #8 NOVEMBER, 1977 With new color [illegible] Dan Pussycats and World Apart, [illegible] new Human, book, plus the [illegible] $3.00

HM #9 DECEMBER 1977 The [illegible] the complete page of Druillets and Heavy Metal's [illegible] Arrow, and An Episode of Sf by Chaykin and Alcala, [illegible] Dan, [illegible] Mystery Theatre, Christopher Macrobe, Cartoons and More $3.00

HM #10 JANUARY 1978 We find Obelisk in duplicate Zeppelin, and get Lob and Richard to explore Jessica on an Alternate, a heavy style, [illegible] Girl, an Epic Jolly Cataclysmic Artists, and Entertainment Over Dr. Dan, and you know about the Heavy Metal logo right, and the time warp $3.00

HM #11 FEBRUARY 1978 Wherein begin the new adventures of Barbarella, raised by her enemies and [illegible] and [illegible] Dan Pussycats, Journal for Insurrection, Wraparound cover and [illegible] Arrow, A Trip to Xanadu, Dan Druillet, and the Wild and Raucous Adventures of Nicholas Saint-Mihiel and Dr. Dan $3.00

HM #12 MARCH 1978 It was a hot night, the night of July, Paris, and the [illegible] of Arc, through the [illegible] and the [illegible] Pussycats, [illegible] Arrow, [illegible] Mystery Theatre, Christopher Macrobe, Jam, Art, and Cartoons, Dan $3.00

HM #13 APRIL 1978 Big new look and new size, [illegible] with 36 page insert from Pussycats & Dr. Dan, [illegible] Arrow, [illegible] the Death Lover and the Undead, Barbarella lives both On and the whole wicked [illegible] Dan $3.00

HM #14 MAY 1978 Does it? [illegible] the Mad Masters E. De 300 goes to Detroit on a [illegible] but a cannibal [illegible] and [illegible] Pussycats, [illegible] Arrow, [illegible] Mystery Theatre, Christopher Macrobe, Dan and Barbarella $3.00

HM #15 JUNE 1978 The New [illegible] Dan, [illegible] the Master Eye, Dan, [illegible] the Heavy Metal Cartoon Challenge, the Heavy Metal Evolution, the Heavy Metal Dan, [illegible] the Mind Guardians and the Guide, them Changes, And an excerpt from Sabre and the Creatures of Heavy Metal $3.00

HM #16 JULY 1978 A Happy Metal, to Barbarella and Druillet, [illegible] the Mind Guardians of Druillet's Dan, the further adventures of Nicholas and Dan, More Dan, [illegible] and another piece of the Arabian Nights saga, Dan $3.00

HM #17 AUGUST 1978 [illegible] Dan, [illegible] Arabian Nights, Norman and the [illegible] Dan, [illegible] Mystery Theatre, Christopher Macrobe, Dan and Barbarella, [illegible] $3.00

SOLD OUT

HM #18 SEPTEMBER, 1978 Starring Sinbad the Sailor, Ender Queen of the Bubble Women the Major's Handle, two off season detectives, Arrow, the Warrior, Heavier Dan, and Long Square on Cat, Morgan Ellison's sweet [illegible] Dan, [illegible] Mystery Theatre, Christopher Macrobe, Dan and Barbarella $3.00

HM #19 OCTOBER 1978 As Heavy Metal's [illegible] Dan, [illegible] the Dan, the [illegible] Dan, the suddenly-[illegible] dragons, a zombie-[illegible] called Euthanautus, Filson's Glass Goblin illustrated and the [illegible] Dan, Sinbad and Sir Beautiful, and Sir Dangerous, More [illegible] Dan, Dan, Dan,

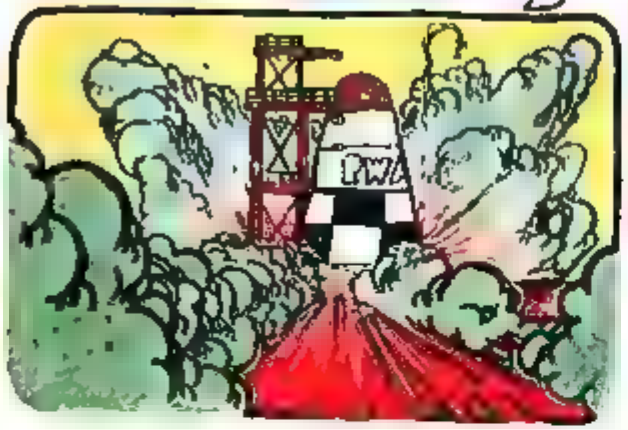
ZOOKS!

© by VAUGHN BODE

PUMPKIN BALL, DIS ,S LAVENDER DUNE. CONTROL..DA COUNT IS COMMENCING FOR LAUNCH
SEAT BELT BUCKLED, HATCH CLOSED CHUTE PINS ARMED, CABIN PRESSURE IS 2½ P.S. TAP TAP
30 SECONDS TO IGNITION.
AHH FUEL ADMON, MIXTURE FULL RICH, CABIN LIGHT, ON. OXYGEN BOTTLE HISSING AND ON, OVERHEAD FAN ON, PENCILS, STOWED
20 SECONDS SERGEANT SUNFLOWER.
LET'S SEE, GYRO, ADDITUDE CONTROL, WOUND UP AN GOIN', TACOMETER, SET, 0 MPH, ALTIMETER SETTING, SEA LEVEL MY CLOCK SEEM TO BE A LITTLE SLOW.
10 SECONDS, STAND BY TO MOVE GANTRY.
ROGER, IGNITION!!

9.. 8.. 7.. KUNK!

YAHOO, I HAS IGNITION!



SHUT IT DOWN YOU LAME BRAIN TOAD, WE HAVEN'T FINISHED DA COUNT WE GOT TO MOVE DA GANTRY BACK YET!!

HEY DON'T YELL OR I'LL QUIT! I TOLD YOUSE I WAS NERVOUS, I GOTA TIC IN MY TRIGGER FINGER. DO WE ABORT?

©1970 VAUGHN BODE

YES, WE COULD HAVE ABORTED TODAY, BUT DA GANTRY JUST FELL OVER. SO WE MIGHTS WELL RESUME DA COUNT.

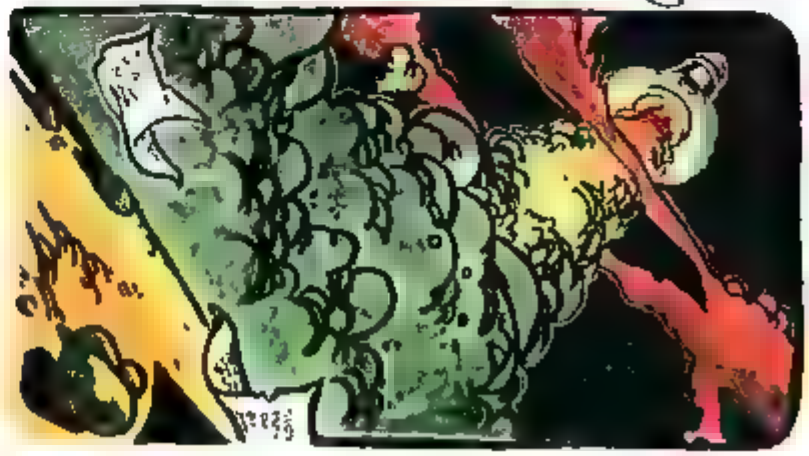
SOMEBODY OIN ALWAYS TOSS ME A ROPE TO CLIMB DOWN AN THEN I CAN GO HOME.

SGT SUNFLOWER, YOUSE HAS GONE AN SCREWED UP OUR WHOLE COUNTDOWN BY IGNITING TOO [illegible] SO, THA DOC SAYS JUST TO GO AHEAD AN GO ON UP.

OKAY SOURPUSSES, 1, 2, 3 GO! KUNK!

WE HAVE LIFTOFF AT 10:32 AM. ROLL PROGRAM PROCEEDING ALONG ALMOST NORMALLY. [illegible] SIGN'

MAN, THE G FORCES IS MOOSHIN' MY FLAPPY MOUTH PARTS ALL OVER MY FACE PLATE!



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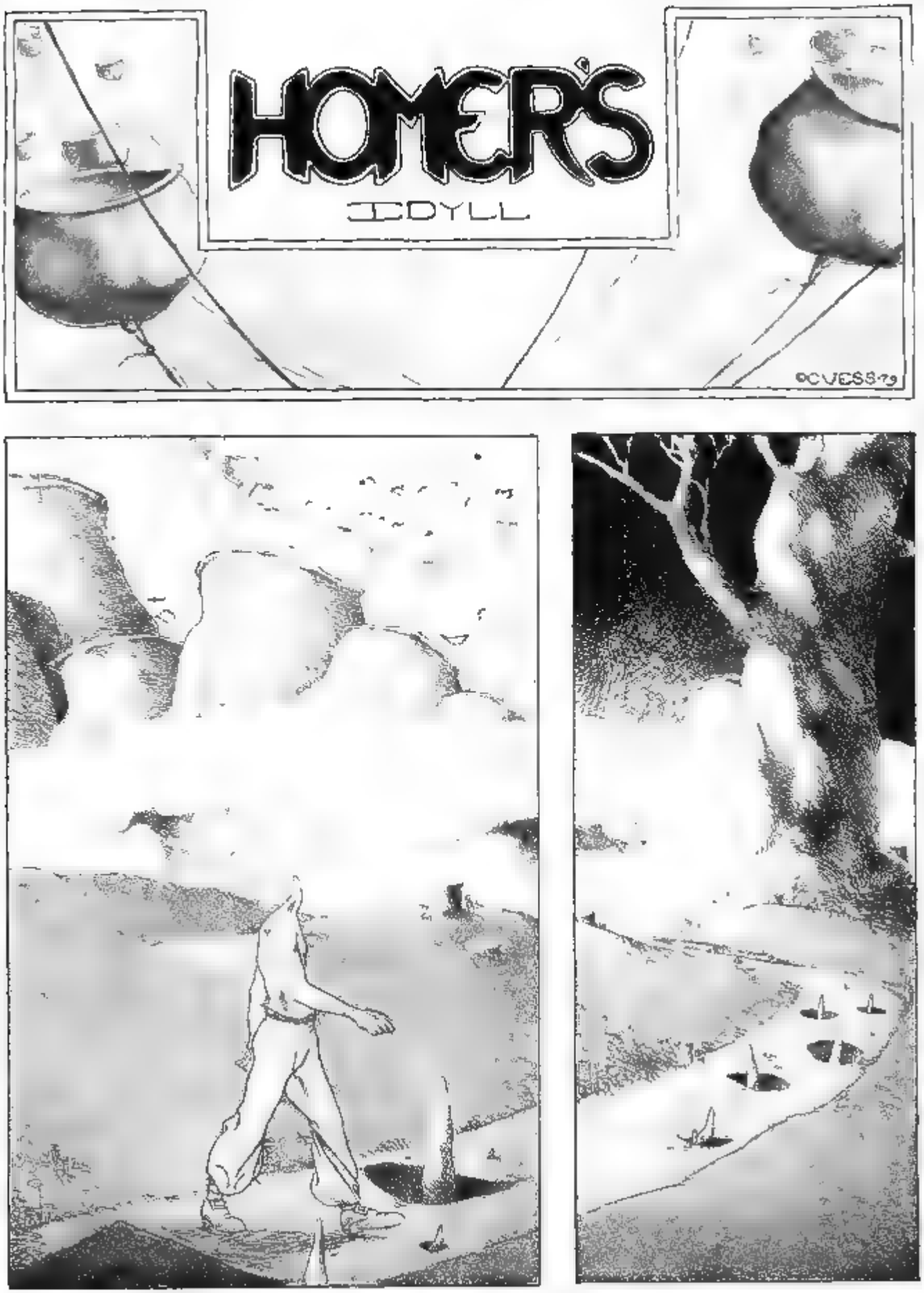
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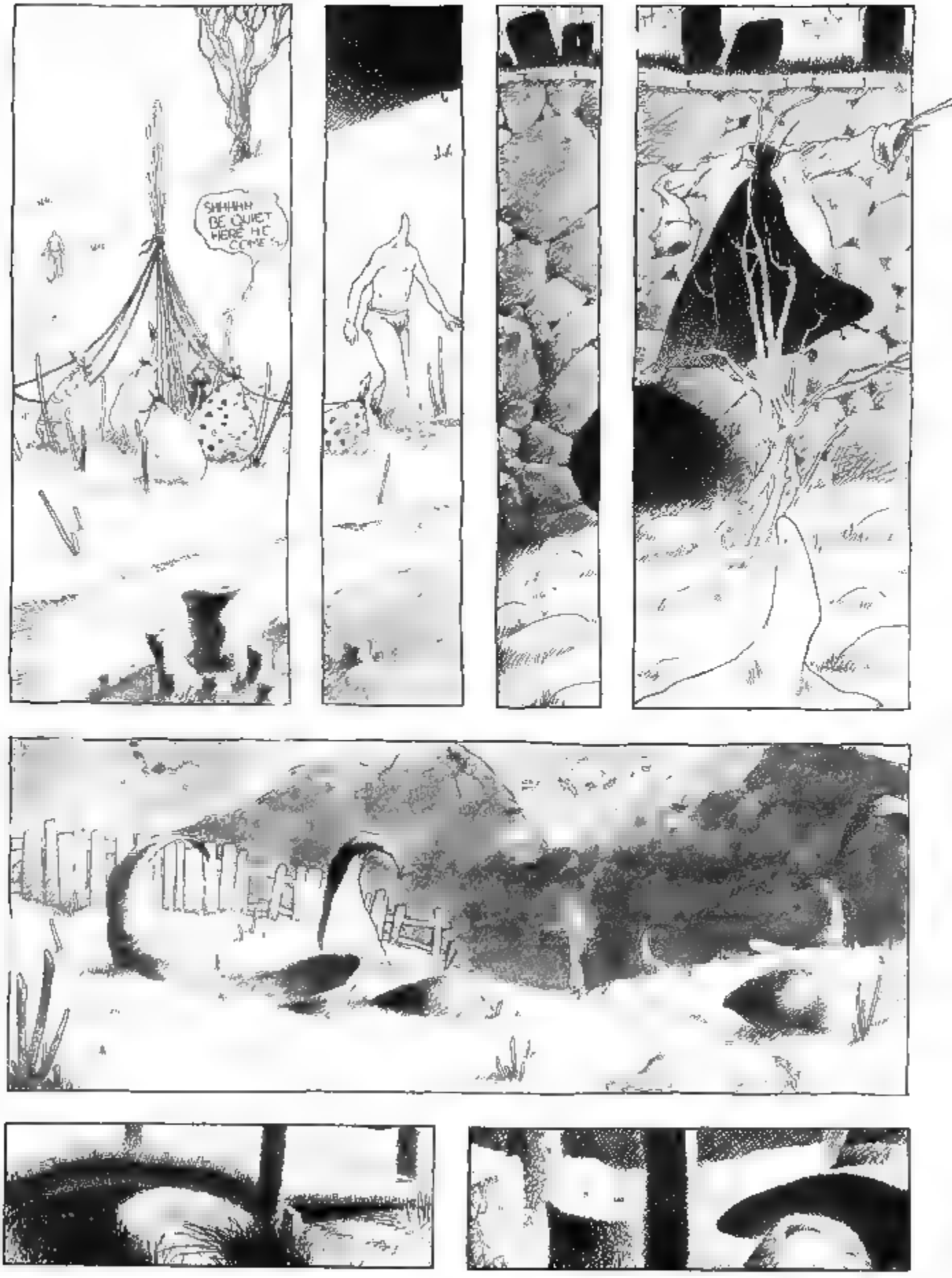
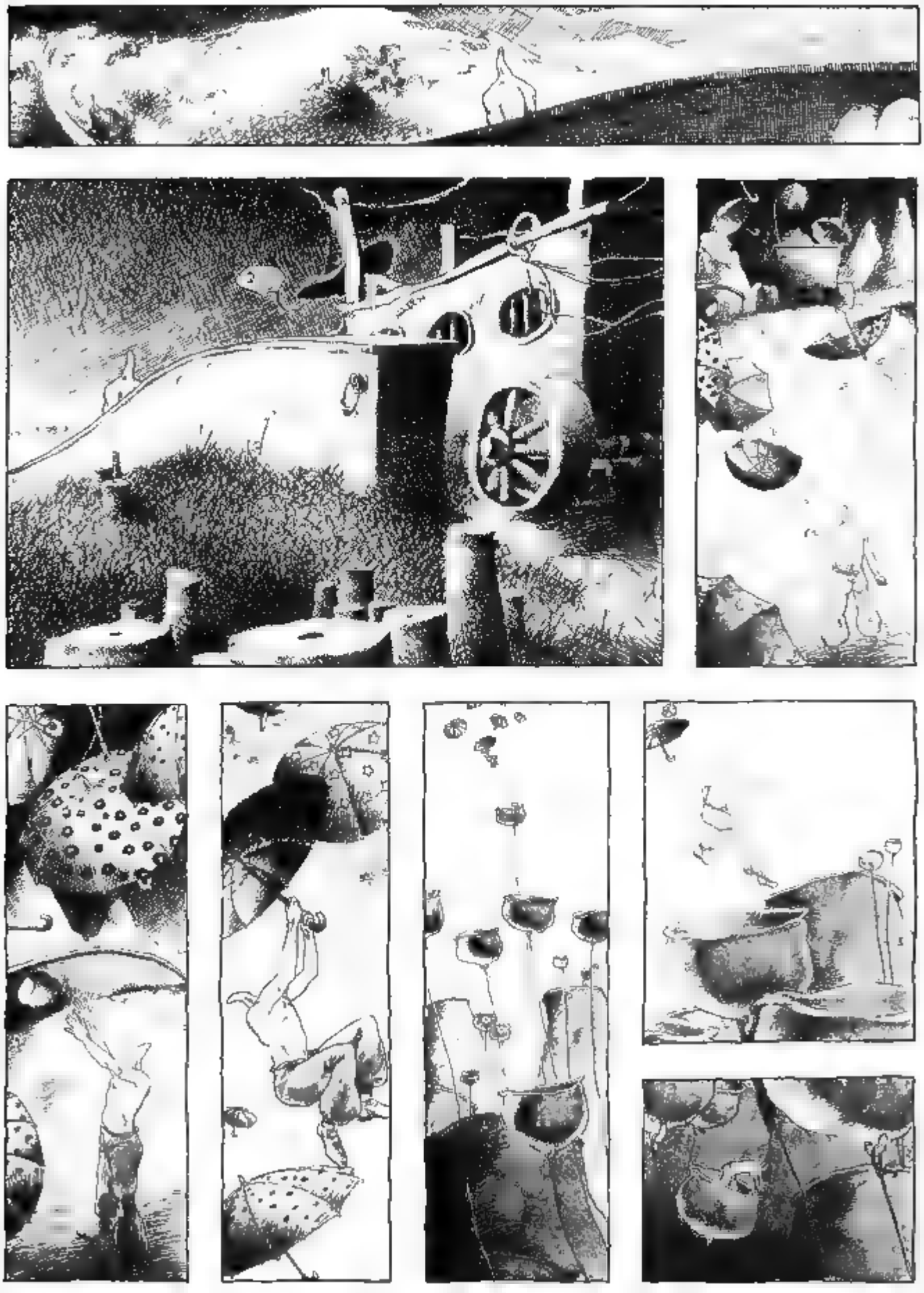
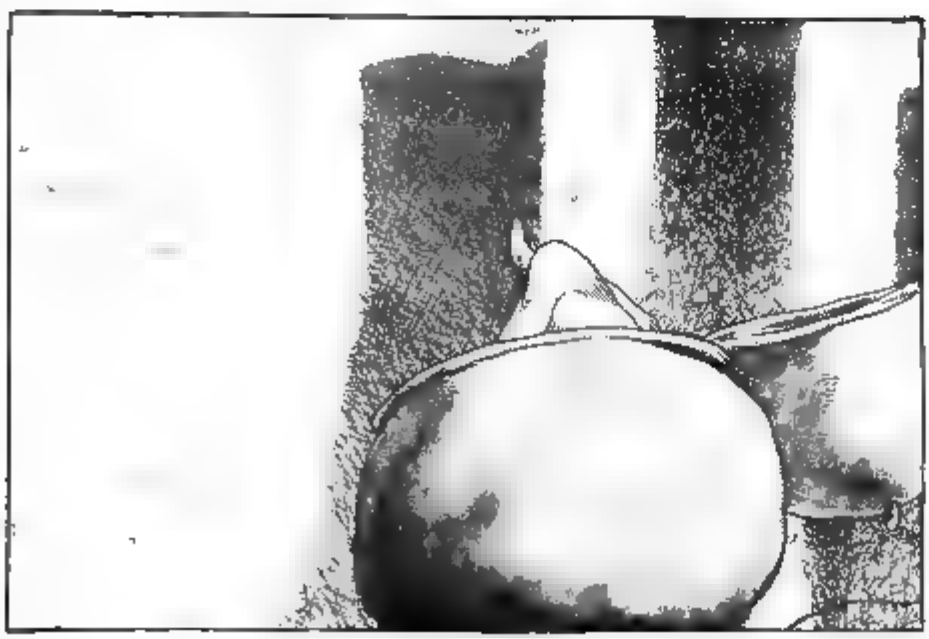

SHHHHH
BE QUIET
HERE HE
COME





·END·

LIFE ON A VIRGIN COMET

The barren icy world of the comet is the only known home of the Therm-trap, a meter-sized living "greenhouse" containing a community of diverse organisms who live in perfect ecological balance feeding on the comet's basic ingredient— water.

Comet Stubbs is called a virgin comet because it has never formed a "tail" by passing close to the stars it orbits. It is orbiting two stars, Sol and Alpha C, and is a permanent traveler in the vast, dark regions of interstellar space. Despite its isolation, Stubbs's shattered surface and tiny moon testify to a past collision with another comet, an unimaginably rare occurrence.

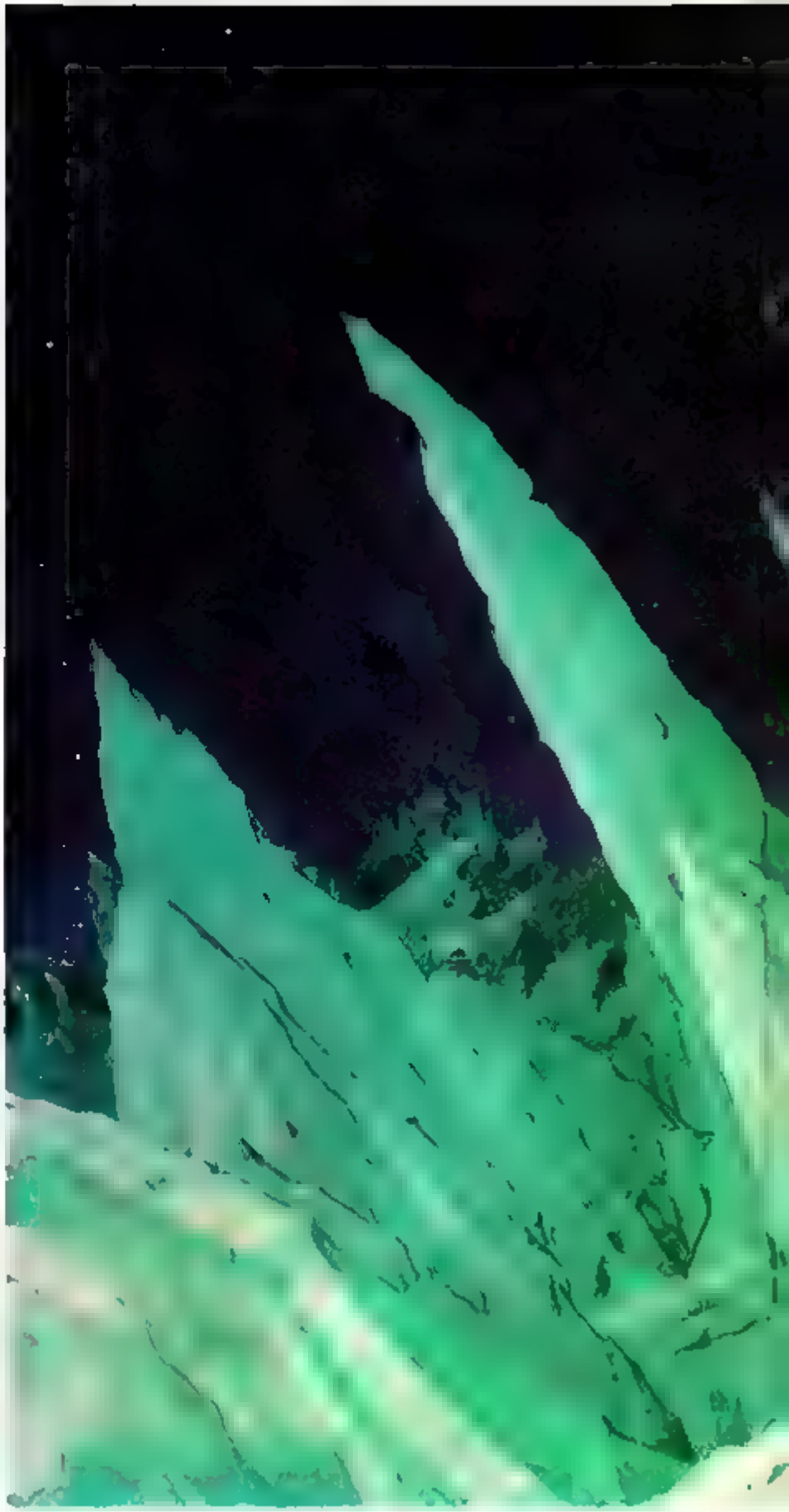
This comet is named for its discoverer, Dr. Harold Stubbs— H.C. Earth—who has discovered over 2,000 comets, with detection gear of his own design. The hard-to-find comets hold something of great value to space mechanics—the Therm-trap. It produces a waste product that remains fluid in the cold of space, and therefore is an ideal lubricant for machines used in space or other supercool environments. Also discovered by Dr. Stubbs, the Therm-trap is a system of animals whose center is an odd creature that supports a lenslike organ. It keeps this moving "eye" focused on the brightest light in the sky, continually absorbing energy.

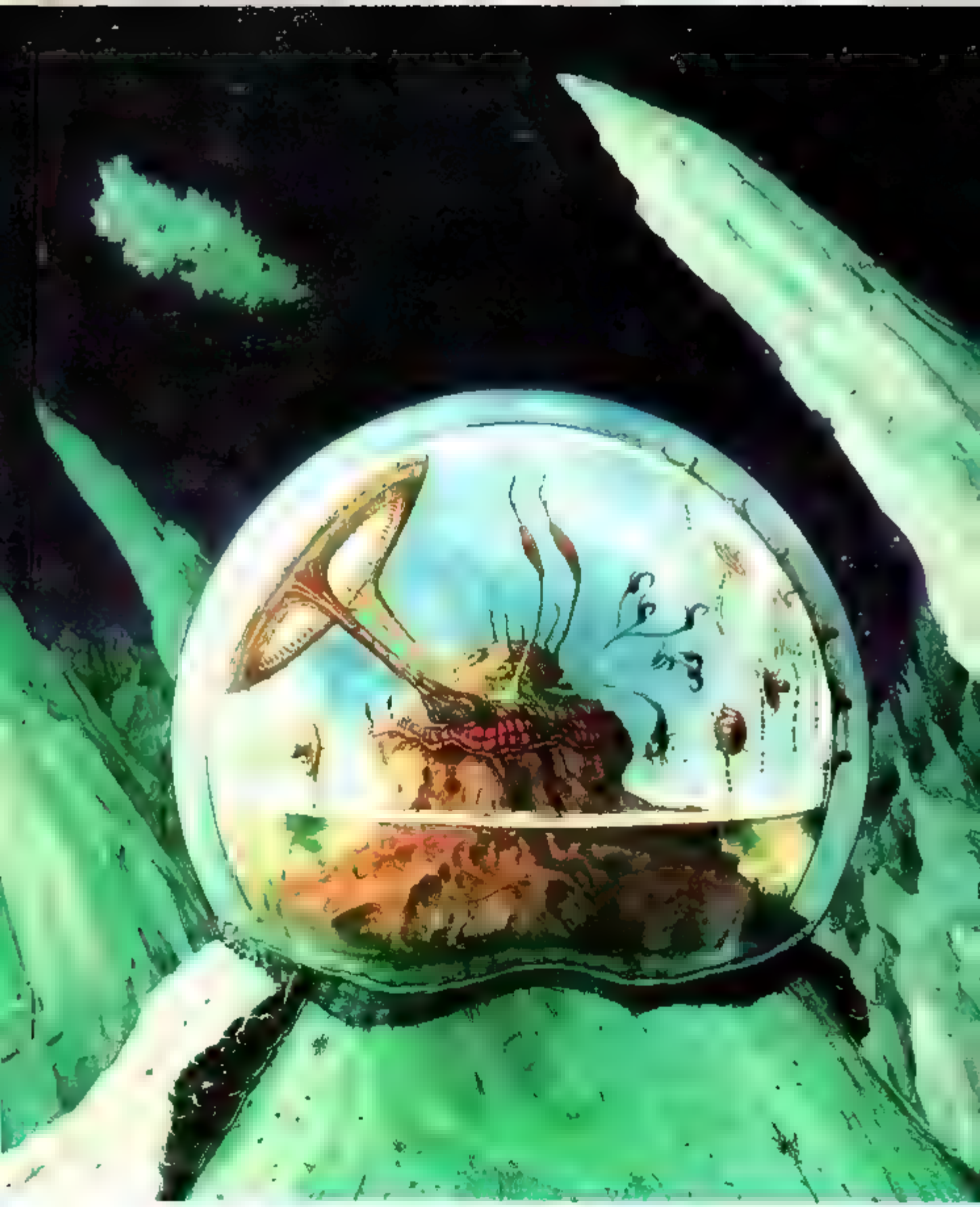
This "world in a bubble" has an apparent food chain of greater and lesser animals, a "hanging garden," a pond that teems with life, and a mineral base that insulates the globe from the ice on which it rests.

The Therm-trap's overall system is delicate and slow, producing less than two grams of lubricant each Earth year. It seems also to have a tenuous grasp on life, slipping easily into long periods of dormancy. Such periods are triggered by loss of light and seem to be a natural defense against total destruction. If too much lubricant is removed from the base of the bubble, or if the system is disturbed in any way, dormancy will occur. For this reason, the origin and functions of the Therm-trap remain a mystery to frustrated biologists who study them only from safe distances.

Since a survey of Comet Stubbs, which is large by cometary standards, revealed only seventy-four nondormant Therm-traps, chemists in four star systems are trying to formulate a synthetic substitute for the lubricant. Until it's found, the Therm-trap will be the object of comet hunts throughout the galaxy.

From the *Stellar Journals of Karl B. Kofoed*





shelter — chantal montellier

IT'S WEIRD USING A COMMUNAL BATHROOM I HAVEN'T DONE IT SINCE COLLEGE
OH I'M USED TO IT SINCE I TAKE ALL MY ANNUAL HOLIDAYS AT CLUB MED!
ANYWAY EVERYTHING WORKS BETTER IN A COMMUNAL SETUP THEY CERTAINLY SEEM TO HAVE ARRANGED FOR EVERYTHING.
YES I'VE ALREADY GOT MY CLOTHES
M. TOO FORTUNATELY BECAUSE MY HUSBAND AND I WERE ON OUR WAY TO DINE WITH FRIENDS, SO WE FOUND OURSELVES IN EVENING WEAR ALEX LOOKED LIKE A HEAD WAITER!
THAT WAS IN HIS JOB
WHAT?!
HEAD WAITER THAT WAS MY BOY FRIEND'S JOB
OH I'M SO SORRY I
SORRY ABOUT IT SO DOES IT DOESN'T MATTER ANYMORE SO WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
I'M WORKING IN THE LIBRARY
AH. THAT'S NICE I'LL HAVE TO COME SEE YOU I LOVE TO READ, BUT I NEVER HAD ANY TIME BEFORE

WHAT A STRANGE SENSATION BRAND NEW CLOTHES THAT I HAVEN'T PAID FOR IT'S A LITTLE AS IF I HAD STOLEN THEM
OH?
YES. IT'S PRETTY PECULIAR EVERYTHING BEING FREE AND SHARED EQUALLY EACH ACCORDING TO HIS NEEDS IN A WAY IT'S ALL PRETTY HILARIOUS
NOT PAYING FOR FOOD NOT PAYING FOR CLOTHES NOT PAYING FOR THE MOVIES I'M ALMOST ABOUT TO REACH INTO MY POCKET FOR SOME MONEY IT'S FUNNY REALLY
IN OTHER WORDS THIS COULD BE HAPPINESS
YES THIS COULD BE IT
17

THIS COULD BE IT
WHAT HAPPENS IF DON'T F NISH IT BY THE END OF THE WEEK
WELL, THEN YOU BR NG ME BACK THE BOOK AND 'LL RENEW T FOR ANOTHER WEEK
Stayin' alive
HELLO. WE WANT TO TAKE OUT SOME BOOKS
YES. ARE YOU MEMBERS?
NO NOT YET
WELL GIVE YOU - ARD TO FILL OUT
OK MY NUMBER IS S 46 AND MY BUDDY S IS S 37
YEAH. S 37
SO YOU ARE PART OF THE SECURITY FORCE YOU MUST KNOW S 21 S 30 AND S 07?
YEAH MAYBE WE DO
WELL IF YOU SEE THEM, COULD YOU ASK THEM TO COME IN? THEY RE VERY LATE RETURNING THE BOOKS THEY BORROWED
OR WE LL TELL THEM IF WE SEE THEM THIS IS THE LIST, SEE THAT WE CHOSE
OUT YOU CAN ONLY TAKE FIVE BOOKS A T ME
KNOW BUT SINCE RE TWO THAT ADDS P TO TEN DOESN'T
ADDS UP TO TEN
MEMOIRS
18

SO THEY LEFT WITH THEIR TEN BOOKS
YOU'LL FIGURE IT OUT
WHAT'S THERE TO FIGURE OUT? I DON'T SEE AN PROBLEM
WHAT DO YOU MEAN
WHAT DO I MEAN? WELL, I WAS JUST THINKING THAT I'LL NEVER SEE THOSE BOOKS AGAIN NOR THE ONES THAT THEIR COLLEAGUES BORROWED THREE WEEKS AGO
WHAT WOULD MAKE YOU THINK THAT?
HEY GET GO
NUMBER
NEXT
NUMBER
NEXT
147
SO!
SO. I KNOW VERY WELL THAT TO HAVE THE MANNER OR WAYS OF INTELLECTUALS.
AND THEY ONLY BORROWED PHILOSOPHY AND POLITICAL TEXTBOOKS

SO WHAT? I DON'T GET IT SURELY THEY HAVE THE RIGHT
SURE THEY CERTAINLY HAVE THE RIGHT IT'S JUST THAT THOSE BOOKS WEREN'T THE KIND THEY'D RELATE TO.
AND BESIDES, THEY CAME IN WITH A LIST AND WHAT'S MORE A TYPED LIST
IT'S OBVIOUS, ISN'T IT?
BUT YOU DON'T THINK THAT
SSSHH NOT SO LOUD
NO. IT'S IMPOSSIBLE HOW DO YOU EXPECT THEM TO NO. DON'T YOU THINK THAT YOU'RE GETTING A BIT CARRIED AWAY?
NO. I REALLY DON'T THINK SO! IN MY OPINION, THE ADMINISTRATION IS BEHIND THE WHOLE THING!
WELL GRANTING THAT YOU'RE RIGHT, WHY WOULD THEY DO A THING LIKE THAT? WHAT USE COULD THEY HAVE FOR THOSE BOOKS?
NO I THINK WE'RE ON THE WRONG TRACK
THEY'RE JUST IN THE PROCESS OF ELIMINATING THE BOOKS FROM THE LIBRARY WHAT THEY'RE DOING IS PREPARING FOR A BOOK BURNING.
A BOOK BURNING WITHOUT FIRE!
20

TO BE CONTINUED.

ELRIC LIFTED THE HUGE BLADE EASILY AND ADMIRING ITS ALIEN BEAUTY, SAID, "STORMBRINGER."
AND THE SWORD SETTLED EVEN MORE SMOOTHLY INTO HIS GRASP. "STORMBRINGER," YELLED ELRIC AS HE LEAPT AT HIS FOE.
AND NOW PRINCE YYRKOON'S CRY COULD BE HEARD ABOVE THE THRUM OF THE SWORD VOICES. . . . "MOURNBLADE" AND MOURNBLADE CAME UP TO MEET STORMBRINGER'S EVERY BLOW.
AND THEN ELRIC FELT AFRAID. IT WAS SUDDENLY AS IF HE HAD BEEN BORN AGAIN AND THAT THIS RUNESWORD WAS BORN WITH HIM. IT WAS AS IF THEY HAD NEVER BEEN SEPARATE.
AND HE WAS FULL OF FEAR - SO FULL OF FEAR. AND THE FEAR BROUGHT A WILD DELIGHT - A DEMONIC NEED TO FIGHT AND KILL HIS COUSIN, TO SINK THE BLADE DEEP INTO YYRKOON'S HEART, TO TAKE VENGEANCE, TO SPILL BLOOD, TO SEND A SOUL TO HELL!

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ADAPTED FROM THE ORIGINAL TEXT STORY "ELRIC OF MELNIBONE
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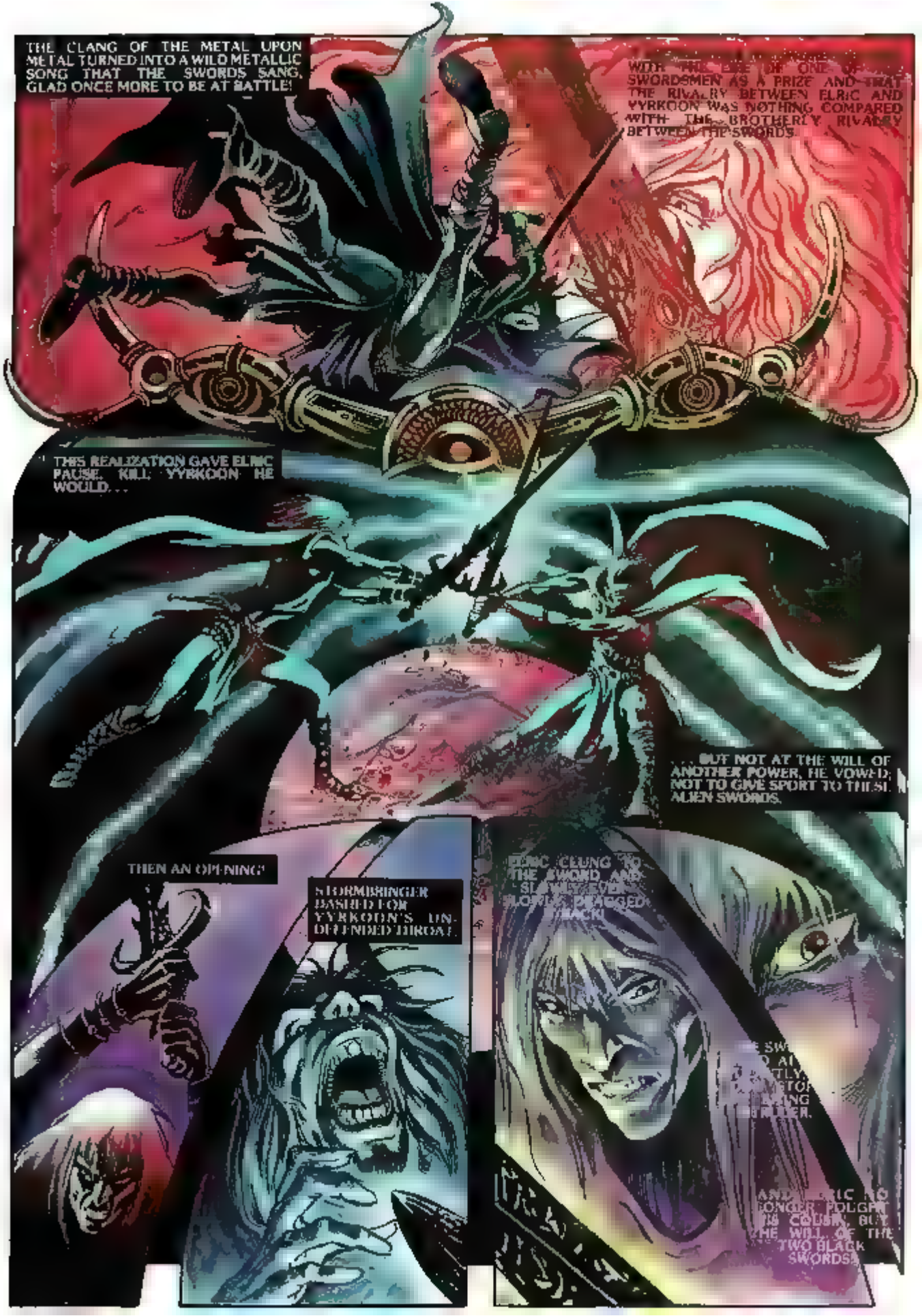
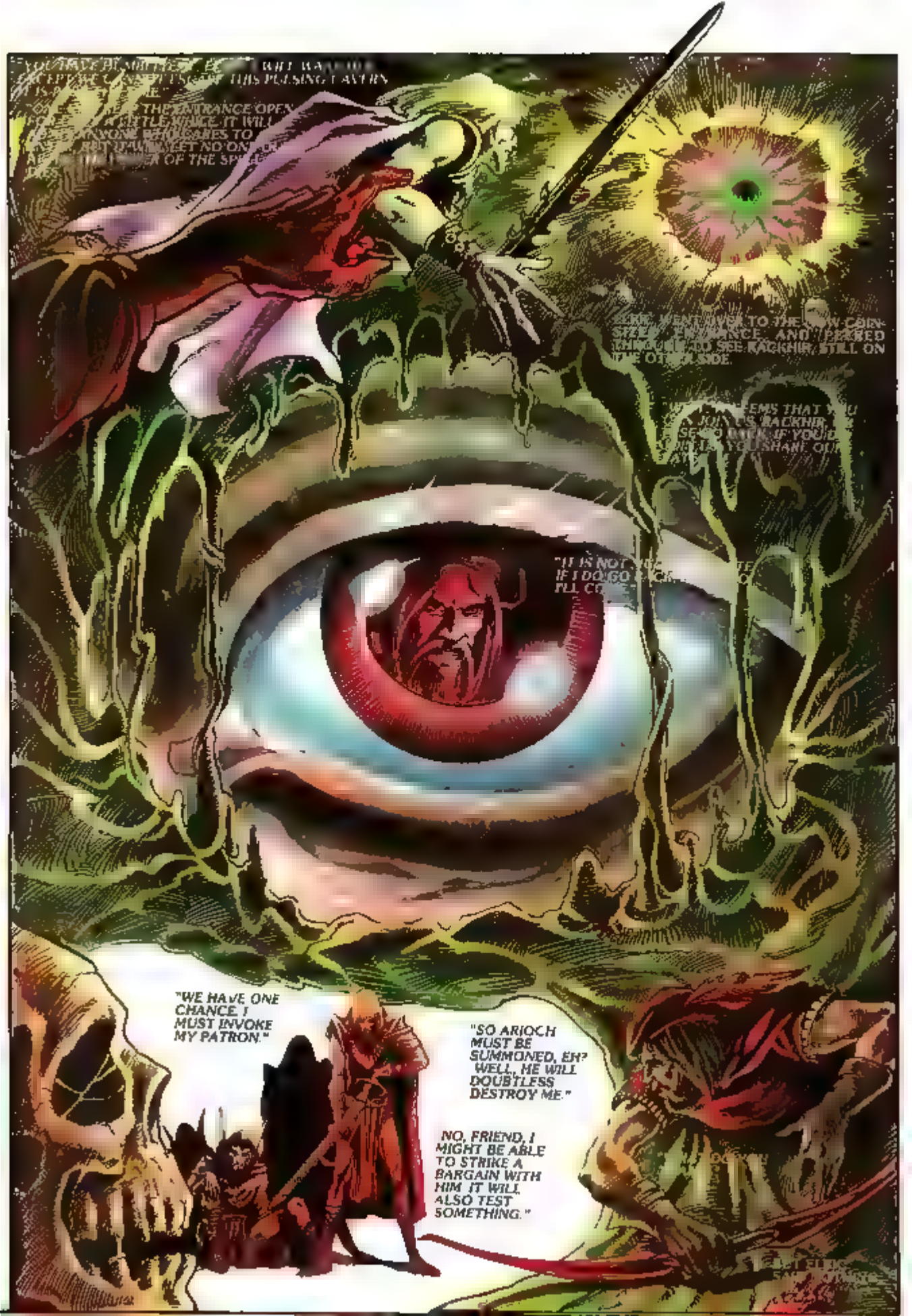
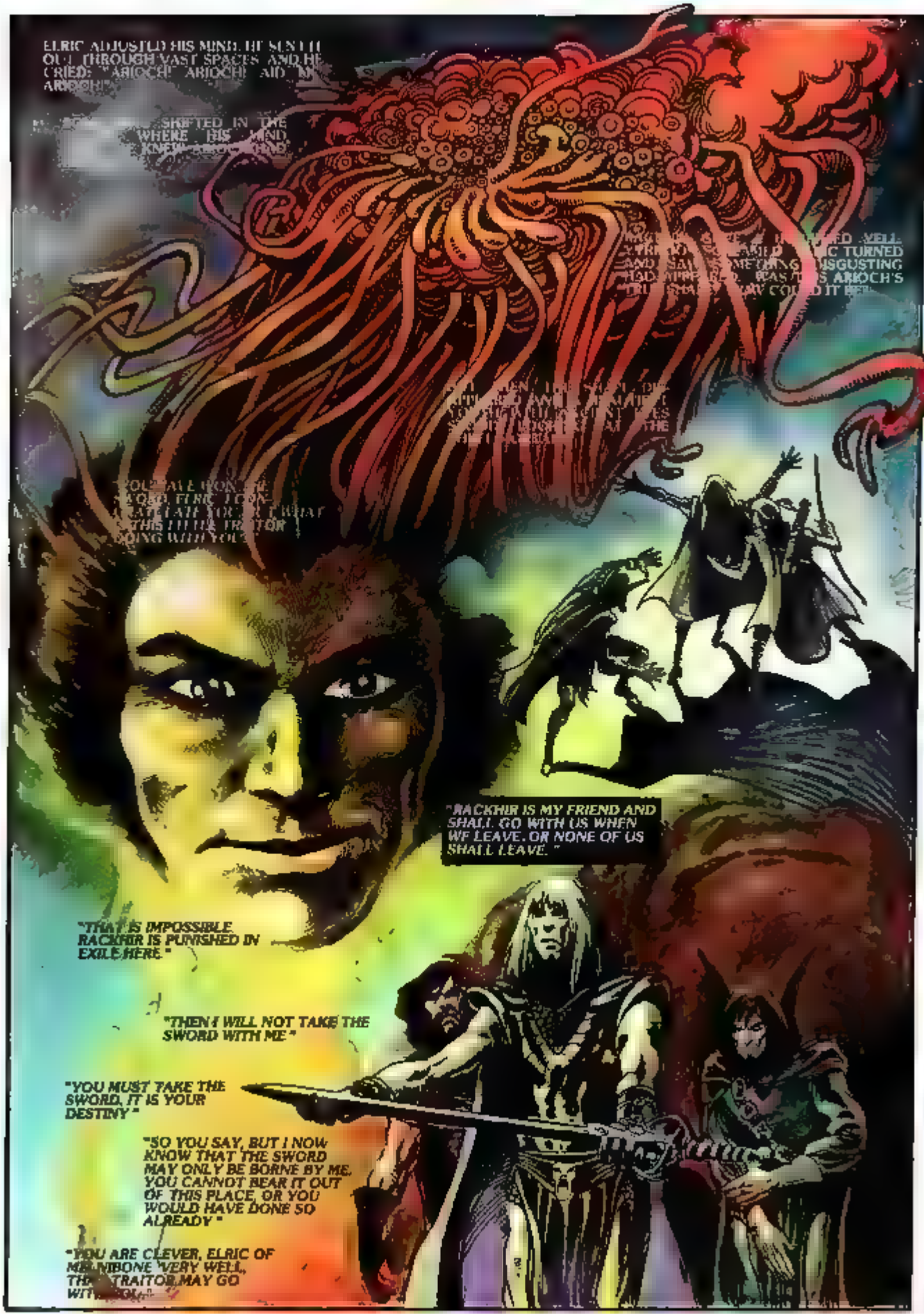

THE CLANG OF THE METAL UPON METAL TURNED INTO A WILD METALLIC SONG THAT THE SWORDS SANG, GLAD ONCE MORE TO BE AT BATTLE!
WITH THE DEATH OF ONE OF SWORDSMEN AS A PRIZE AND THAT THE RIVALRY BETWEEN ELRIC AND YYRKOON WAS NOTHING COMPARED WITH THE BROTHERLY RIVALRY BETWEEN THE SWORDS.
THIS REALIZATION GAVE ELRIC PAUSE. KILL YYRKOON HE WOULD...
...BUT NOT AT THE WILL OF ANOTHER POWER, HE VOWED; NOT TO GIVE SPORT TO THESE ALIEN SWORDS.
THEN AN OPENING!
STORMBRINGER BASHED FOR YYRKOON'S UNDEFENDED THROAT.
ELRIC CLUNG TO THE SWORD AND SLAVERED BLOOD DRIPPED BACK!
AND ELRIC NO LONGER FOUGHT HIS COUSIN, BUT THE WILL OF THE TWO BLACK SWORDS!

"I'LL NOT BE YOUR PUPPET, RUNEBLADE. WE MUST BE UNITED IF WE ARE UPON A PROPER UNDERSTANDING!"
STORMBRINGER SEEMED TO HESITATE. TO DROP ITS GUARD, AND ERIC WAS HARD PUT TO DEFEND HIMSELF AGAINST THE WHIRLING ATTACK OF MOURN
ERIC SUPPLIED THE SWORD
"YOU SHALL NOT BE MY MASTER! NO, I WILL NOT SLAY HIM FOR YOU."
DISARM!
YYRKOON
THEY STRUCK YYRKOON'S SWORD ARM, PIERCING IT TO THE BONE. YYRKOON SCREAMED AND LOST HIS GRIP ON MOURNBLADE.

MOURNBLADE FELL ... THE WALLS ... THE RUMBLING CAVERN. A ... ESCAPE THE ... THEN ... SHRIEK, AND BLACKNESS ... THE CAVERN. WHEN THE LIGHT ... HAD APPEARED, YYRKOON ... HIS EYES DA... SELLING ...
"WE ARE VICTIMS, COUSIN, ... A GAME ... BY GODS ... SENTIENT SWO... DEAD. IT ... THEY ... YYRKOON ...
STORMBRINGER TREMBLED, AS IF THIRSTY FOR YYRKOON'S SOUL. ELRIC LOOKED, NOT WITHOUT SYMPATHY, ON THE CREATURE THAT ...
"YYRKOON, BUT IS THAT YOUR ... I WONDER ... IF YOU HAD ALL YOU DESIRE, WOULD YOU CEASE TO BE A WORM?"
YYRKOO... ... LITH... IN...
"WE SHALL SEE, I SUPPOSE."
"ANYWAY, YOU MUST AGREE O WARE LYMORIL FROM HER SORCEROUS SLUMBER."


"WE HAVE ONE CHANCE. I MUST INVOKE MY PATRON."
"SO ARIOCH MUST BE SUMMONED, EH? WELL, HE WILL DOUBTLESS DESTROY ME."
NO, FRIEND, I MIGHT BE ABLE TO STRIKE A BARGAIN WITH HIM. IT WILL ALSO TEST SOMETHING."


ELRIC ADJUSTED HIS MIND. HE SENT IT OUT THROUGH VAST SPACES AND HE CRIED: "ARIOCH! ARIOCH! AID ME ARIOCH!"
"RACKHIR IS MY FRIEND AND SHALL GO WITH US WHEN WE LEAVE. OR NONE OF US SHALL LEAVE."
"THAT IS IMPOSSIBLE. RACKHIR IS PUNISHED IN EXILE HERE."
"THEN I WILL NOT TAKE THE SWORD WITH ME."
"YOU MUST TAKE THE SWORD. IT IS YOUR DESTINY."
"SO YOU SAY, BUT I NOW KNOW THAT THE SWORD MAY ONLY BE BORNE BY ME. YOU CANNOT BEAR IT OUT OF THIS PLACE, OR YOU WOULD HAVE DONE SO ALREADY."
"YOU ARE CLEVER, ELRIC OF MELNIBONE. VERY WELL, THE TRAITOR MAY GO WITH YOU."

"THEN TAKE US FROM THIS PLACE."
"WHERE TO?"
"WHY, TO MELNIBONE, IF YOU PLEASE."
WITH A SMILE THAT WAS ALMOST TENDER, ARIOCH LOOKED DOWN ON ELRIC.
"OH, YOU ARE SURELY THE SWEETEST OF ALL MY SLAVES"
AND THREE WEARY MEN STOOD ON THE FLOOR OF THE THRONE ROOM IN IMRRYR. YYRKOON AND ELRIC STOOD, STARING INTO EACH OTHER'S EYES. THEN ELRIC LAUGHED
"IT IS LIKE A MARKETPLACE SO MANY BARGAINS," REMARKED RACKHIR
"NOW YOU MUST FULFILL YOUR PROMISES TO ME COUSIN. THEN I HAVE A PROPOSITION TO PUT TO YOU."

BUT THEN HER EYES OPENED AND SHE SAW HIM AND CRIED
"ELRIC! THE DREAMS... ARE YOU SAFE?"
"I AM SAFE. AND YYRKOON IS NOW. I DEFEATED HIM. HE LUSTS TO USURP ME."
"YOU ARE MERCIFUL, ELRIC."
"NO, 'TIS MERE FELLOWSHIP. YYRKOON AND I ARE PAWNS IN A LARGER GAME. FINALLY, BE TO MY OWN KIND— AND THAT IS WHY I CEASED TO HATE YYRKOON."
THERE WERE CELEBRATIONS IN MELNIBONE FOR A WEEK. NOW ALMOST ALL THE SHIPS AND MEN AND DRAGONS WERE HOME. AND ELRIC WAS HOME. HAVING PROVED HIS RIGHT TO RULE SO WELL THAT EVEN HIS STRANGE MERCY WAS ACCEPTED BY THE POPULACE.

ELRIC TOOK CYMORIL ASIDE AND TOLD HER HE WOULD TRAVEL TO THE YOUNG KINGDOMS AND SEE HOW OTHER NATIONS CONDUCTED THEIR AFFAIRS, TO DISCOVER WHAT PART MELNIBONE AND ITS EMPEROR PLAYED IN THIS UNCERTAIN
"THEN YOU
EMPRESS
"
"THEN IT MUST BE THE ONE WHO HAS ALWAYS WANTED TO RULE, YYRKOON! HE WILL HAVE HIS CHANCE TO PROVE HIMSELF."
"ELRIC, I LOVE YOU, BUT IF YOU DO THIS, YOU WILL DESTROY US BOTH."
"NO, I WILL BUILD SOMETHING BETTER... I AM MASTER OF THE RUNEBLADE NOW. YYRKOON RESPECTS MY POWER. AND WHEN I RETURN, WE SHALL MARRY AND LIVE LONG AND BE HAPPY."
AND NOW, ELRIC HAD TOLD THREE LIES: THE FIRST CONCERNED THE BLACK SWORD; THE SECOND, HIS COUSIN YYRKOON; THE THIRD, CYMORIL. AND UPON THOSE THREE LIES WAS ELRIC'S DESTINY TO BE BUILT!

THERE WAS A PORT CALLED MENII, WHICH WAS ONE OF THE HUMBLEST AND FRIENDLIEST OF THE PURPLE TOWNS. LIKE THE OTHERS ON THE ISLE, IT WAS BUILT MAINLY OF THE PURPLE STONE THAT GAVE THE TOWNS THEIR NAME AND THERE WERE RED ROOFS ON THE HOUSES, AND THERE WERE BRIGHT SAILED BOATS OF ALL KINDS IN THE HARBOR AS ELRIC AND RACKHIR THE RED ARCHER CAME ASHORE IN THE EARLY MORNING WHEN JUST A FEW SAILORS WERE BEGINNING TO MAKE THEIR WAY DOWN TO THEIR SHIPS.

"SO I MUST SEEK PEACE AND MYTHIC TANELORN," SAID RACKHIR, WITH A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF SELF MOCKERY HE STRETCHED AND YAWNED, AND THE BOW AND THE QUIVER DANCED ON HIS BACK.

ELRIC WAS DRESSED IN SIMPLE COSTUME THAT MIGHT HAVE MARKED ANY SOLDIER-OF-FORTUNE OF THE YOUNG KINGDOMS. HE LOOKED FIT AND RELAXED. HE SMILED INTO THE SUN. THE ONLY REMARKABLE THING ABOUT HIS GARB WAS THE GREAT BLACK RUNESWORD AT HIS SIDE. SINCE HE HAD DONNED THE SWORD, HE HAD NEEDED NO DRUGS TO SUSTAIN HIM.

AND I MUST SEEK KNOWLEDGE IN THE LANDS I FIND MARKED UPON MY MAP," SAID ELRIC. "I MUST LEARN AND I MUST CARRY WHAT I LEARN BACK TO MELNIBONE AT THE END OF A YEAR. I WISH THAT CYMORIL HAD ACCOMPANIED ME, BUT I UNDERSTAND HER RELUCTANCE."

"YOU WILL GO BACK?" RACKHIR SAID. "WHEN THE YEAR IS OVER?"

SHE WILL DRAW ME BACK!" ELRIC LAUGHED. "MY ONLY FEAR IS THAT I WILL WEAKEN AND RETURN BEFORE MY QUEST IS FINISHED."

I SHOULD LIKE TO COME WITH YOU," SAID RACKHIR. "FOR I HAVE TRAVELED IN MOST LANDS AND WOULD BE AS GOOD A GUIDE AS I WAS IN THE NETHERWORLD. BUT I AM SWORN TO FIND TANELORN. FOR ALL I KNOW, IT DOES NOT REALLY EXIST."

I HOPE THAT YOU FIND IT, WARRIOR PRIEST OF PHUM," SAID ELRIC.

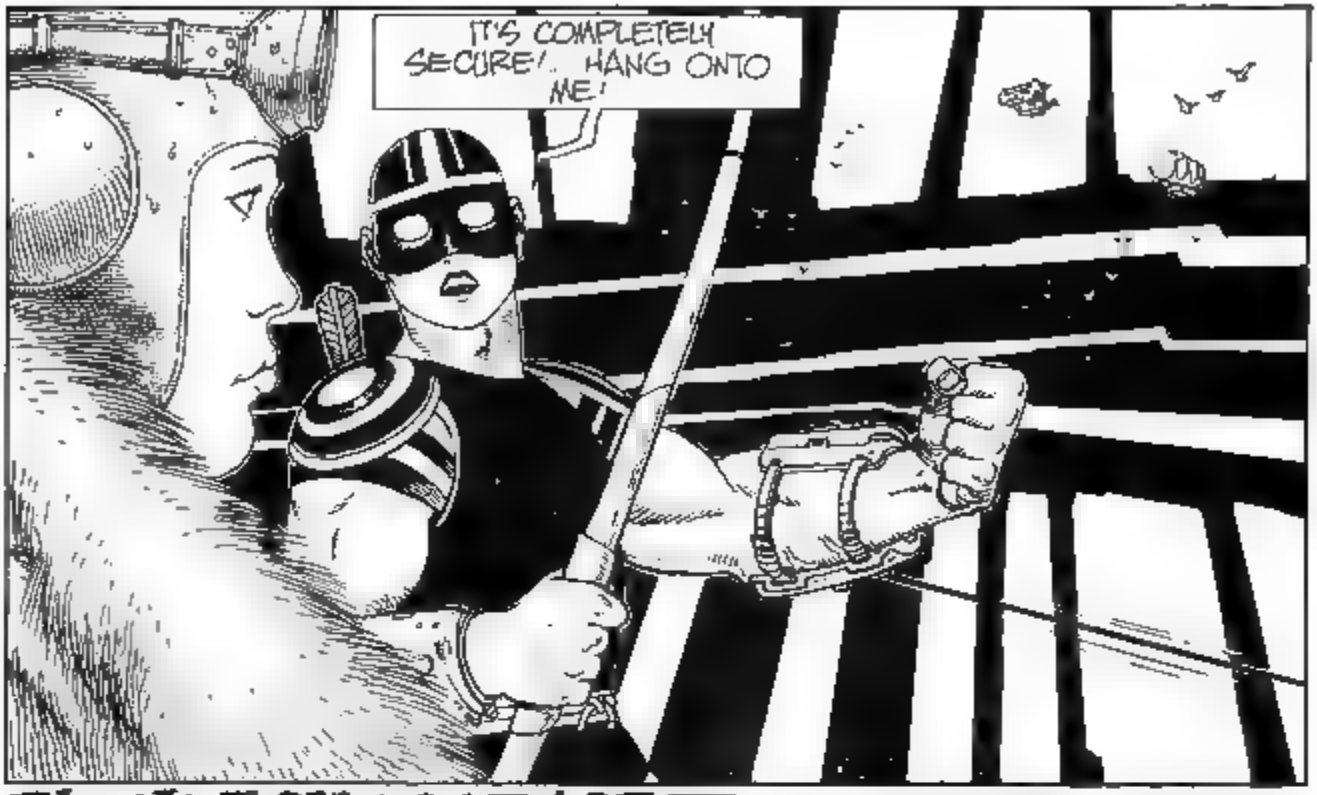
"AYE." RACKHIR LOOKED AT THE RUNESWORD HANGING ON ELRIC'S HIP. "BUT YOU WOULD BE WISE TO TRUST NOTHING."

ELRIC LAUGHED. "FEAR NOT FOR ME, RACKHIR, FOR I AM MY OWN MASTER. FOR A YEAR AT LEAST, AND I AM MASTER OF THIS SWORD. NOW!"

THE SWORD SEEMED TO STIR AT HIS SIDE, AND HE TOOK FIRM HOLD OF ITS GRIP AND SLAPPED RACKHIR ON THE BACK. AND HE LAUGHED AND SHOOK HIS WHITE HAIR SO THAT IT DRIFTED IN THE AIR. AND HE LIFTED HIS STRANGE RED EYES TO THE SKY AND HE SAID:

"I SHALL BE A NEW MAN WHEN I RETURN TO MELNIBONE."

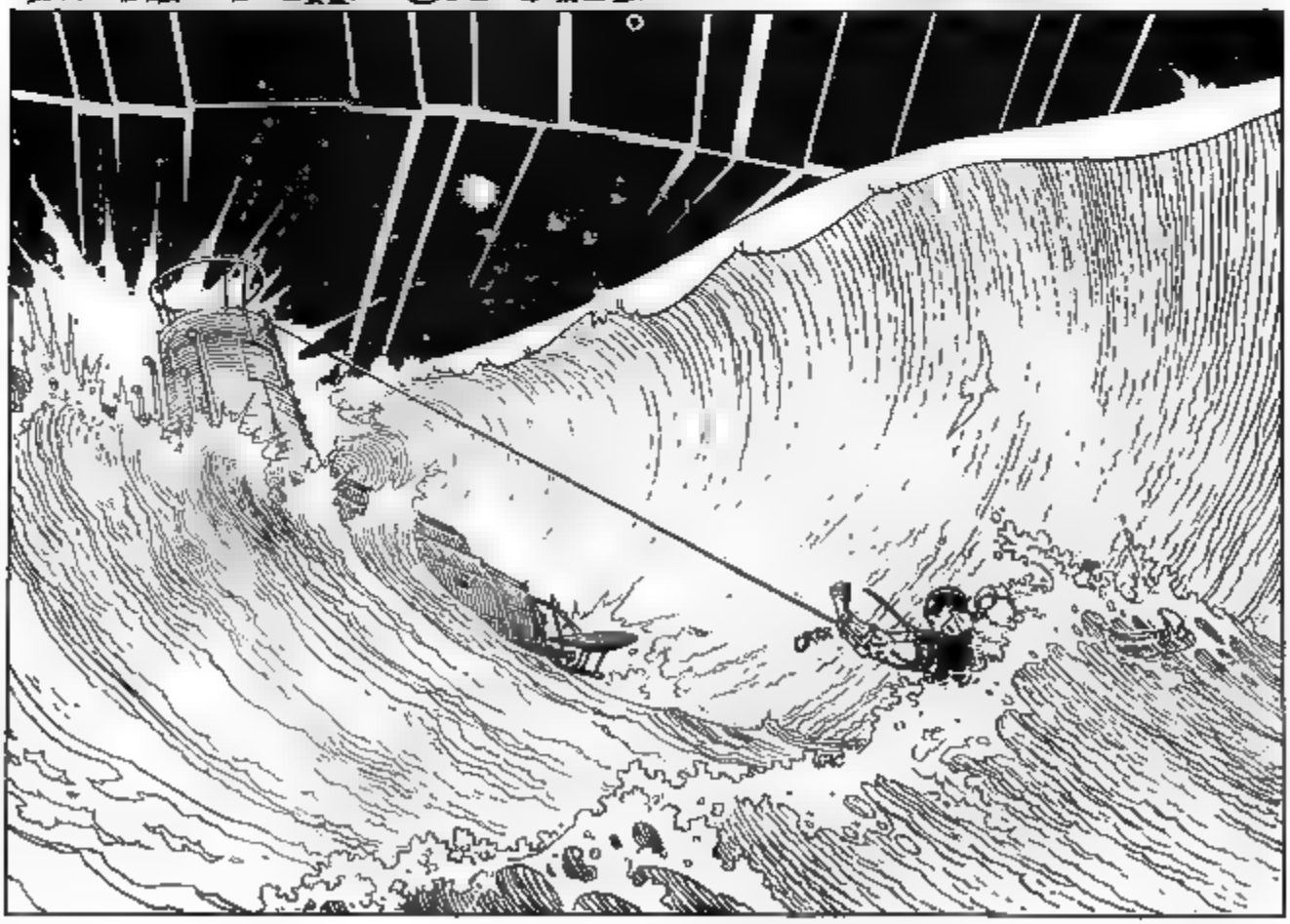
END

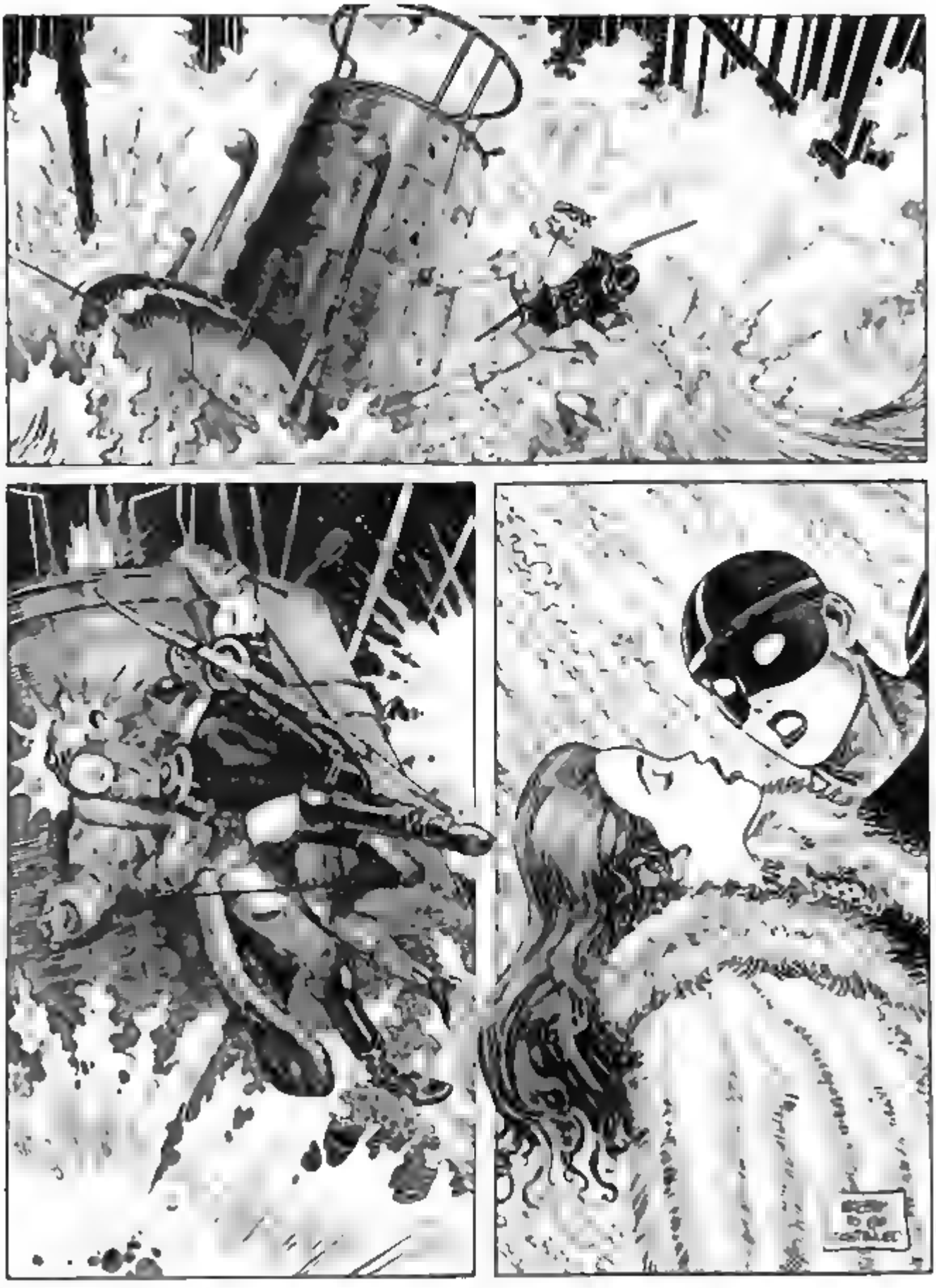


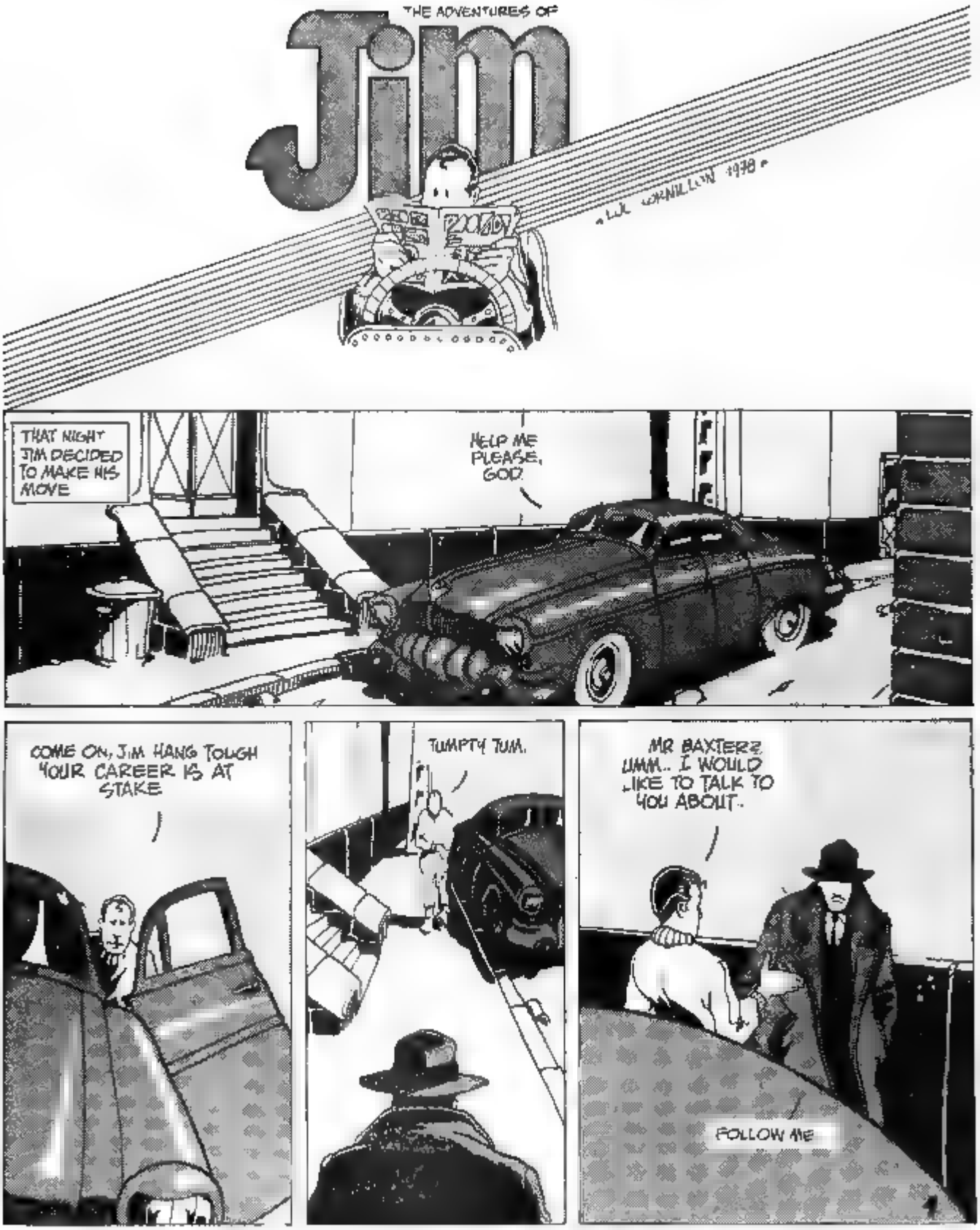
THE AIRTIGHT GARAGE

BY MOEBIUS

STORY SO FAR SOMETHING NEVER SEEN BEFORE AN ARROW FLYING TOWARD THE SUBMARINE






THE ADVENTURES OF
Jim
• LIL CONNILLON 1978 •
THAT NIGHT JIM DECIDED TO MAKE HIS MOVE
HELP ME PLEASE, GOD
COME ON, JIM HANG TOUGH YOUR CAREER IS AT STAKE
TUMPTY TUM.
MR BAXTER? UMM.. I WOULD LIKE TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT..
FOLLOW ME

A LITTLE LATER, NOT TOO FAR AWAY, IN A BAR
SO.. WHAT IS IT, MY BOY?
WELL, MR BAXTER I'VE HEARD THAT YOU'RE ORGANIZING AN EXPEDITION INTO THE JUNGLE. AND ONCE I READ A STORY ABOUT EXPLORERS AND ALL THAT.
AND I WAS REALLY KNOCKED OUT BY IT, SO, YOU KNOW, I THINK I'D LIKE TO GO WITH YOU IF YOU'D TAKE ME CAN I HAVE ANOTHER LEMONADE?
PLEASE SAY YES! IF YOU WERE TO ACCEPT ME IT WOULD BE SO GREAT FOR ME!
YES, YES, I UNDERSTAND. YOU'RE JUST THE TYPE OF PERSON I'M LOOKING FOR

JIM IS GOING TO THE JUNGLE!
JIM, S GOING TO THE JUNGLE!

AFTER MR BAXTER TELLS JIM ABOUT THE EXPEDITION THE TWO MEN PART, TO MEET AGAIN IN THREE DAYS.
2

THREE DAYS LATER
I'M ALL READY, MR BAXTER! WE CAN GO NOW!

IT'S JUST THE WAY I IMAGINED IT MR. BAXTER! JUST THE WAY!
AND SO THE LONG AND ARDUOUS JOURNEY THROUGH THE JUNGLE BEGINS FOR JIM AND MR BAXTER
WE WERE WISE TO BRING GUNS WEREN'T WE WHAT WITH THE DINOSAURS
I CAN TELL YOU NOW JIM I NEVER DID BELIEVE THAT STUFF ABOUT THE DINOSAUR BURIAL GROUNDS JUST A LOT OF FOSSILS, REALLY
WHAT!! BUT YOU
THE BURIAL GROUNDS BIT WAS JUST A RUSE SO THAT NO CROOKS WOULD CATCH ON TO WHAT WE ARE REALLY LOOKING FOR-TREASURE! A FABULOUS TREASURE!
YOU SAID THERE WERE DINOSAURS!
YES, BUT THIS TREASURE IS HELL!
LOOK MR BAXTER! THEY'RE ATTACKING US!!! THEY'RE ATTACKING US!
3

THE SAVAGE OONAGUNDAS!!!
MY GUN, JIM! GIVE ME MY GUN! THOSE ARE OONAGUNDAS HEAD-HUNTERS!
GOSH! HEAD-HUNTERS!
GET THE PISTOL OUT OF THE BAG! HURRY UP!
THE PISTOL!
SHOOT JIM! GO AHEAD AND SHOOT! TAKE A SHOT AT A NATIVE OR THEY'LL HAVE OUR HIDES!!
TAKE THA'
POW!
DIE! DIE! KEEP YOUR POWDER DRY! DIE! YAA HOO!
POW!
POW!
POW!

OK, OK, THEY'VE GONE NOW.
TAKE THAT AND THAT!
POW!
ONE OF THEM'S WOUNDED
HEY NOW. YOU GOOD WARRIOR YOU SHOW ME VILLAGE YOU FROM AND ME GIVE YOU NICE PRESENT WE NO HURT YOU.
WE KNOW WHERE YOUR VILLAGE WE TAKE YOU THERE AND MAKE PEACE
POW!
HE WAS DANGEROUS, HE OBVIOUSLY HAD A GUN IN HIS BOOT
THAT'S NO REASON TO KILL HIM! AFTER ALL, NEGROES ARE HUMAN BEINGS
AT LAST HE HAD TIME TO SHOW ME THE WAY TO HIS VILLAGE, BUT WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE FACT THAT OUR TREASURE LIES AMONGST THE OONAGUNDAS?
5

THROUGH A CUNNING COMBINATION OF GUILE AND FOOLHARDINESS, JIM AND MR BAXTER MANAGE WITHOUT MUCH DIFFICULTY TO SEIZE THE TREASURE OF THE OONAGUNDAS
GOOD! NOW THAT WE HAVE THE TREASURE, LET'S GO LOOK FOR THE DINOSAUR BURIAL GROUND, OK?
I TOLD YOU, IT DOESN'T EXIST, FOR GOD'S SAKE!
HEY! HEY! PUT DOWN THAT PISTOL, JIM! IT'S DANGEROUS AND..
HAPPY TRAILS, MR BAXTER!
AND A LITTLE WHILE LATER..
TOO BAD HIS HAT WAS TOO SMALL FOR ME, I COULD HAVE USED IT
EVEN SO, I WAS MAD TO LET MYSELF BE LED BY THAT BAXTER CHARACTER IT'S OBVIOUS THAT THERE'S NO DINOSAUR BURIAL GROUND IN THIS TERRITORY BUT NOW THAT I'M RICH, I'LL ORGANIZE A REALLY BIG EXPEDITION AND I'LL FIND IT BUT I'LL SURE NEVER SET FOOT BACK HERE AGAIN
·END·
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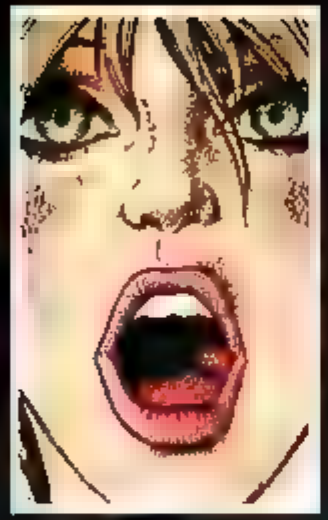

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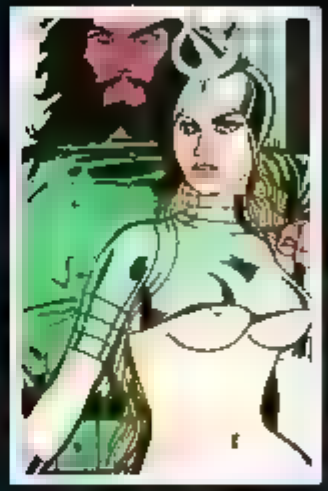

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Alfred
THE STARS MY
by Byron Preiss

The old year soured as pestilence poisoned the planets The war gained momentum and grew from a distant affair of romantic raids and skirmishes in space to a holocaust in the making. It became evident that the Solar War had begun

The belligerents slowly massed men and material for the havoc The Outer Satellites introduced universal conscription, and the nner Planets perforce followed suit ndustries, trades, sciences, skills, and professions were drafted; regulations and oppressions followed

Commerce obeyed, for this war (like all wars) was the shooting phase of a commercial struggle Populations rebelled, and draft-jaunting and labor-jaunting became critical problems Spy scares and invasion scares spread A foreboding paralyzed every home from Baffin Island to the Falklands The dying year was enlivened only by the advent of the Four Mile Circus

This was the popular nickname for the grotesque entourage of Geoffrey Fourmyle of Ceres, a wealthy young buffoon from the largest of the asteroids. Fourmyle of Ceres was enormously rich; he was also enormously amusing. He was the classic nouveau riche of all time His entourage was a cross between a country circus and the comic court of a Bulgarian duchy as this typical arrival in Green Bay, Wisconsin suggests

Early in the morning a lawyer, wearing the stovepipe hat of a legal clan, appeared with a list of campsites in his hand and a small fortune in his pocket He settled on a four-acre meadow facing Lake Michigan and rented it for an exorbitant fee He was followed by a gang of surveyors from the Mason & Dixon clan n twenty minutes the surveyors had laid out a campsite and the word was spread that the Four Mile Circus was arriving. Locals from Wisconsin, Michigan, and Minnesota came to watch the fun.

dBester's DESTINATION

and Howard Chaykin

Twenty roustabouts jaunted in, each carrying a tent pack on his back. There was a mighty overture of orders, shouts, and the tortured scream of compressed air. Twenty giant tents ballooned upward, their vinyl and latex surfaces gleaming as they dried in the winter sun. The spectators cheered.

A six-motor helicopter drifted down and hovered over a giant trampoline. Its belly opened and a cascade of furnishings came down. Valets, chefs, and waiters furnished and decorated the tents. Fourmyle's private police were already on duty, patrolling the four acres, keeping the huge crowd of spectators back.

Then, by plane, by car, by bus, by truck, by bike, and by jaunte came Fourmyle's entourage. Librarians and books, scientists and laboratories, philosophers, poets, athletes. A fifty-foot pool was sunk in the ground and filled by pump from the lake.

Musicians, actors, jugglers, and acrobats arrived. The uproar became deafening. A crew of mechanics melted a grease pit and began revving up Fourmyle's collection of vintage diesel harvesters. Last of all came the wives, daughters, mistresses, chiselers, and grafters. By midmorning the roar of the circus could be heard for four miles, hence the nickname.

At noon, Fourmyle of Ceres arrived with a display of conspicuous transportation so outlandish that it had been known to make seven-year melancholics laugh. A giant amphibian thrummed up from the south and landed on the lake. An LST barge emerged from the plane and droned across the water to the shore. Its forward wall banged down into a drawbridge and out came a twentieth century staff car. Wonder piled on wonder for the delighted spectators, for the staff car drove a matter of twenty yards to the center of camp and then stopped.

"What can possibly come next? Bike?"

"Roller skates. Jetpack?"

Fourmyle capped their speculations. The muzzle of a circus cannon thrust up from the staff car. There was the bang of a black-powder explosion, and Fourmyle of Ceres was shot out of the cannon in a graceful arc to the very door of his tent, where he was caught in a net by four valets. The applause that greeted him could be heard for six miles. Fourmyle clumbed onto his valets' shoulders and motioned for silence.

"Friends, Romans, countrymen," Fourmyle began earnestly. "Lend me your ears, Shakespeare 1564 to 1616. Damn!" Four white doves shook themselves out of Fourmyle's sleeves and fluttered away. He regarded them with astonishment, then continued. "Friends, greetings, salutations, bonjour, bon ton, bon vivant, bon voyage, bon- what the hell?" Fourmyle's pockets caught fire and rocketed forth Roman candles. He tried to put himself out. Streamers and confetti burst from him. "Friends, shut up! I'll get this speech straight. Quiet, friends..." Fourmyle looked down at himself in dismay. His clothes were melting away, revealing lurid scarlet underwear. "Kleinmann!" he bellowed furiously. "Kleinmann! What's happened to your goddamned hypno-training?"

A hairy head thrust out of a tent. "You stoodied for dis sbeech last night, Fourmyle?"

"Damn right. For two hours I stoodied. Never took my head out of the hypno-oven. Kleinmann on Prestidigitation."

"No, no, no!" the hairy man bawled. "How many times must I tell you? Presitidigitation is not sbeechmaking. Is magic. Dumbkopf! You haff the wrong hypnosis taken!"

The scarlet underwear began melting. Fourmyle toppled from the shoulders of his valets and disappeared within his tent. There was a roar of laughter and cheering and the Four Mile Circus upped into high gear.

Inside his tent, Fourmyle changed his clothes, his mind, changed again, undressed again, and called for his tailor.

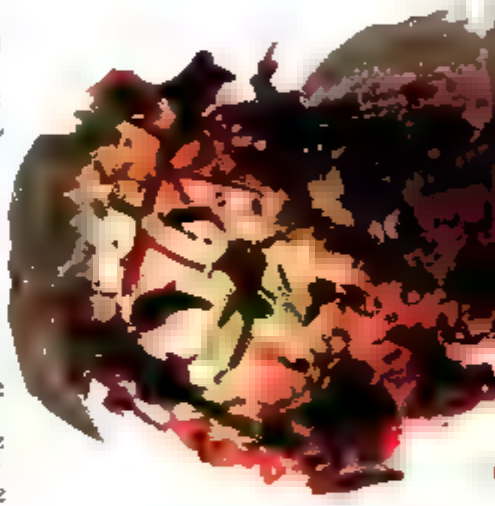
Halfway into a new suit, he recollected he had neglected to bathe. He slapped his tailor, ordered ten gallons of scent to be decanted into the pool, and was stricken with poetic inspiration. He summoned his resident poet.

"Take this down," Fourmyle commanded. "Le roi est mort, les— wait. What rhymes with 'moon?'"

"June," his poet suggested. "Croon, soon, dune, loon, noon, rune, tune, boon."

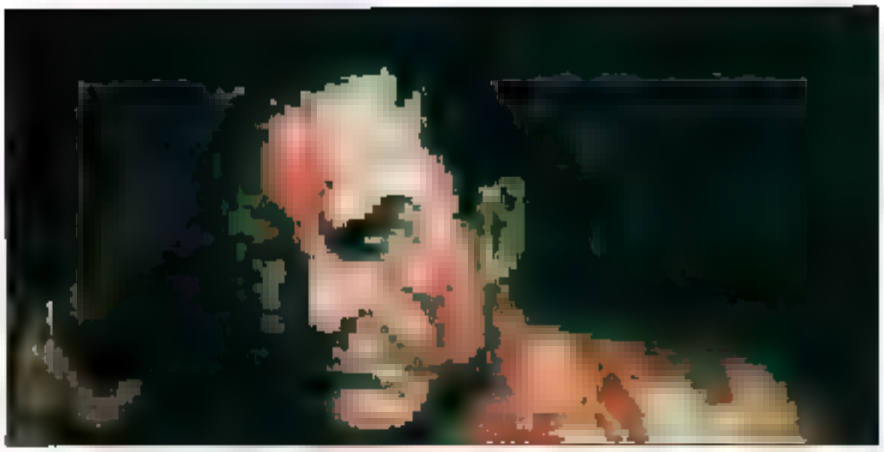
"I forgot my experiment!" Fourmyle exclaimed. "Dr. Bohun! Dr. Bohun!"

Half naked, he rushed pell mell into the laboratory where he blew himself and Dr. Bohun, his resident chemist, halfway across the tent.



As the chemist attempted to raise himself from the floor, Fourmyle jaunted to his physics laboratory, where he destroyed an expensive chronometer to experiment with cog wheels, jaunted to the bandstand, where he seized a baton and conducted the orchestra into confusion, put on skates and fell into the scented swimming pool, was hauled out, swearing fulminously at the lack of ice, and was heard to express a desire for solitude.

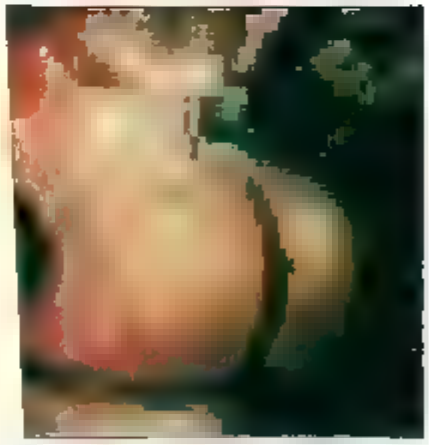
"I wish to commune with myself," Fourmyle said, kicking his valets in all directions. He was snoring before the last of them jumped to the door and closed it behind him.



The snoring stopped and Foyle arose. 'That ought to hold them for today,' he muttered, and went into his dressing room. He stood before a mirror took a deep breath and held it. At the expiration of one minute his face was still untainted. He continued to hold his breath maintaining rigid control, mastering the strain with iron calm. At two minutes and twenty seconds the stigmata appeared, blood-red. Foyle let out his breath. The tiger mask faded

'Better,' he murmured.

He stripped and examined his body. He was in magnificent condition, but his skin still showed delicate silver seams in a network from neck to ankles. It looked as though someone had



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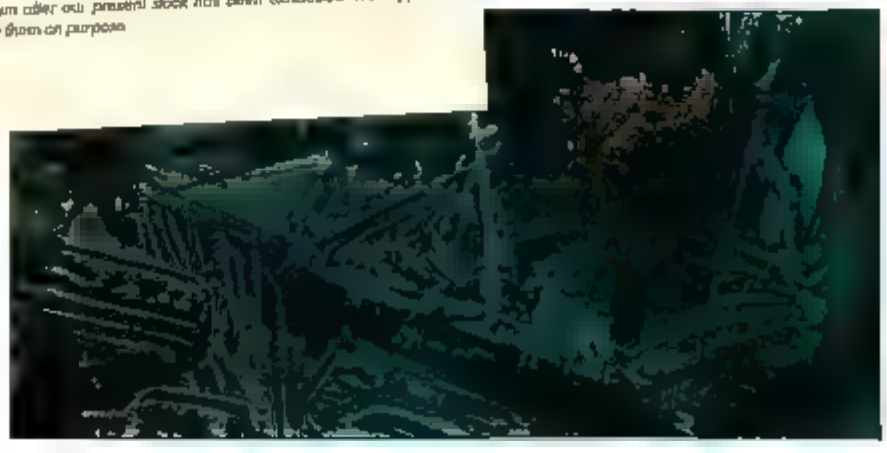


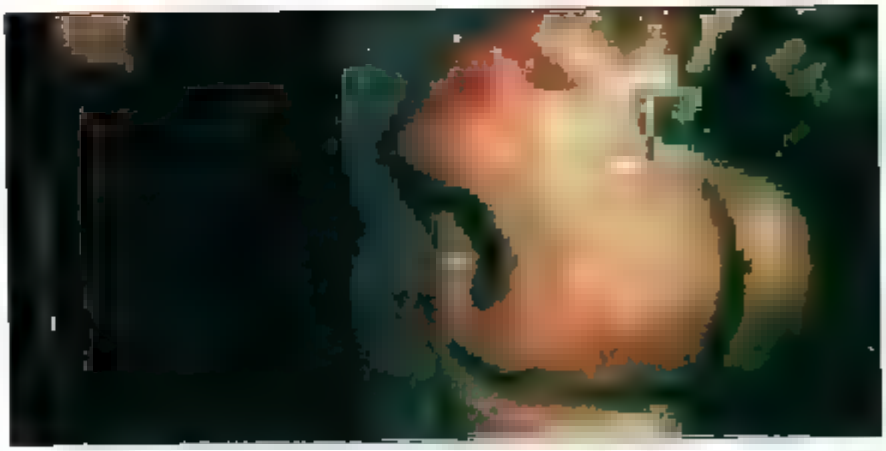
He jaunted to Robin Wednesbury's apartment in the lonely building amidst the Wisconsin pines. It was the real reason for the advent of the Four Mile Circus in Green Bay. He jaunted and arrived in darkness and empty space and immediately plummeted down

The snoring stopped and Foyle arose. "That ought to hold them for today" he muttered and went into his dressing room. He stood before a mirror took a deep breath and held it. At the expiration of one minute his face was still untainted. He continued to hold his breath maintaining rigid control, mastering the strain with iron calm. At two minutes and twenty seconds the stigmata appeared, blood-red. Foyle let out his breath. The tiger mask faded.

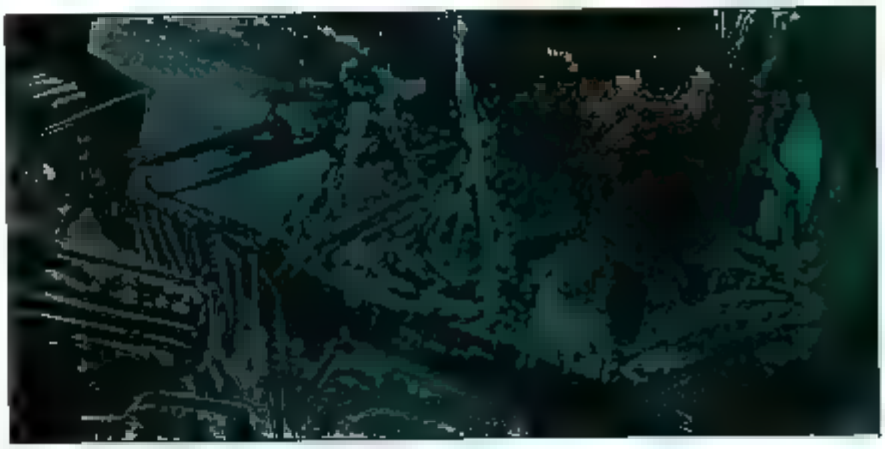
"Better," he murmured.

He stripped and examined his body. He was in magnificent condition, but his skin still showed delicate silver seams in a network from neck to ankles. It looked as though someone had carved an outline of the nervous system into Foyle's flesh. The silver seams were the scars of an operation which had not yet faded.

That operation had cost Foyle a £ 200,000 bribe to the chief surgeon of the Mars Commando Brigade and had transformed him into an extraordinary fighting machine. Microscopic transistors and transformers had been buried in muscle and bone. A minute platinum outlet showed at the base of his spine. To this Foyle affixed a power pack the size of a pea and switched it on. His body began an internal electronic vibration that was almost mechanical.



More machine than man, he thought. He dressed, rejected the extravagant apparel of Fourmyle of Ceres for the anonymous black coveralls of action.

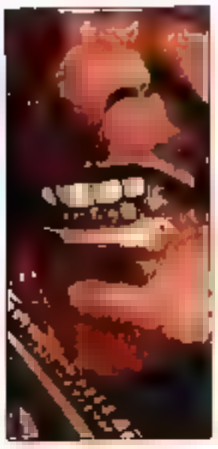


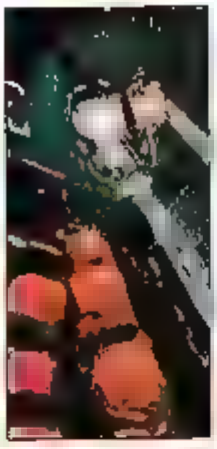
He jaunted to Robin Wednesbury's apartment in the lonely building amidst the Wisconsin pines. It was the real reason for the advent of the Four Mile Circus in Green Bay. He jaunted and arrived in darkness and empty space and immediately plummeted down.

Incorrect co ord nates? he thought Mis jaunted?

The broken end of a rafter dealt him a bruising blow and he landed heavily on a shattered floor upon the putrefying remains of a corpse

Foyle leaped up in calm revulsion. He pressed hard with his tongue against his right upper first molar

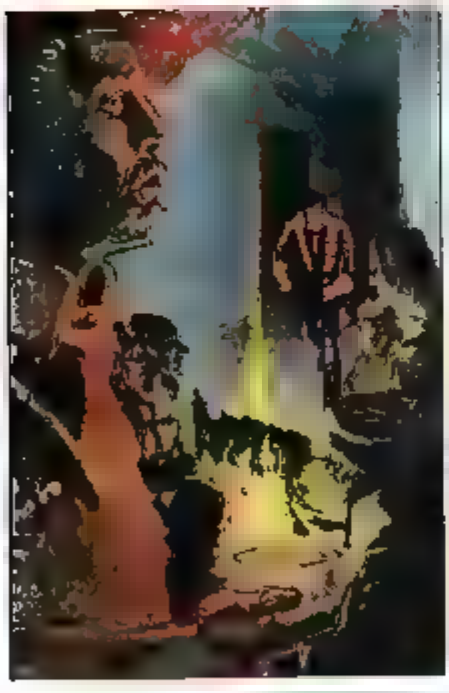




The operation had transformed half his body into an electronic machine, had located the control switchboard in his teeth Foyle pressed a tooth with his tongue and the peripheral cells of his retina were excited into emitting a soft light

The corpse lay in the apartment below Robin's flat

Jacked, Foyle said softly



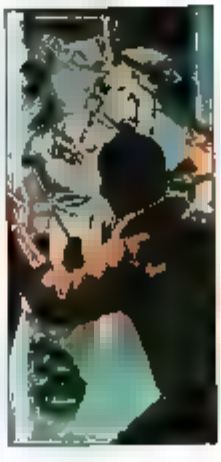
The jaunting age had crystallized the hoboes, tramps, and vagabonds of the world into a new class. They followed the night from east to west always in darkness always in search of loot, the leavings of disaster carrion They called themselves jack-jaunters They were jackals

Foyle climbed through the wreckage to the corridor on the floor above where the jaunters had a camp there A whole calf roasted before a fire which sparked up to the sky through a rent in the roof There were a dozen men and three women around the fire rough, dangerous looking in the Cockney rhyming slang of the jackals

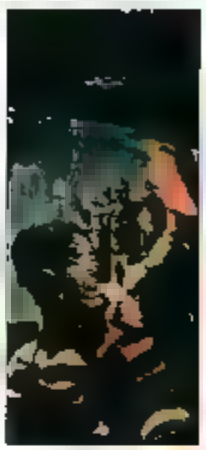
An ominous growl and anger and terror met Foyle's appearance as the big man in black came up through the rubble, his intent eyes emitting pale beams of light Calmly, he strode through the rising mob to the entrance of Robin Wednesbury's flat His iron control gave him an air of detachment

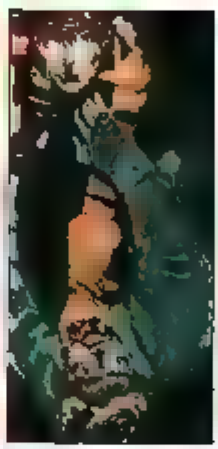
If she's dead,' he thought 'I'm finished we've got to use her

Robin's apartment was gutted like the rest of the building Foyle searched for a body Two men and a woman were in the bedroom



Foyle backed a step and pressed his tongue against his upper incisors Neural circuits buzzed and his body was accelerated by a factor of five





The effect was instantaneous. Sound became audible. Color burned down the spectrum. The two assailants seemed to float with dreamlike languor. He struck the blow himself toward him walked the man raised his and threw him across the room. He threw the man after the first, hacka Foyle turned man in the bed.

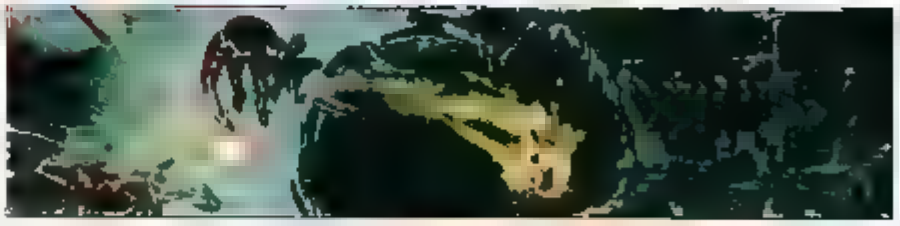
"Wsthrabdy?"

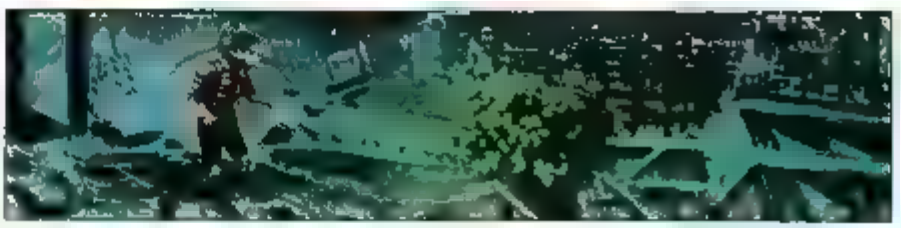
The woman shrieked.

Foyle pressed the scissors again cutting off the acce external world shook itself out of to normal.

Was there a found identified dently. A Negro girl. Tall. Intelligible. He took her by the and then hurled her through the window.

His search for a clue to Rubi was interrupted by the mob from Don't bother me. Foyle waited quietly detecting silently through closets and under overturned furniture. Then he switched off his electronic system and vaulted





He appeared in Green Bay smelling so abominably that he entered the local Presteign shop to buy a deodorant. The local Mr. Presto had evidently witnessed the arrival of the Four Mile Circus and recognized him. Foyle at once awoke from his detached intensity and became the outlandish Fourmyle of Ceres.

He clowned and cavorted, bought a flagon of Euge No. 5, grabbed himself delicately and tossed the bottle into the street to the edification and delight of Mr. Presto.

The record clerk at the County Record Office was unaware of Foyle's identity and was obdurate and uncompromising.

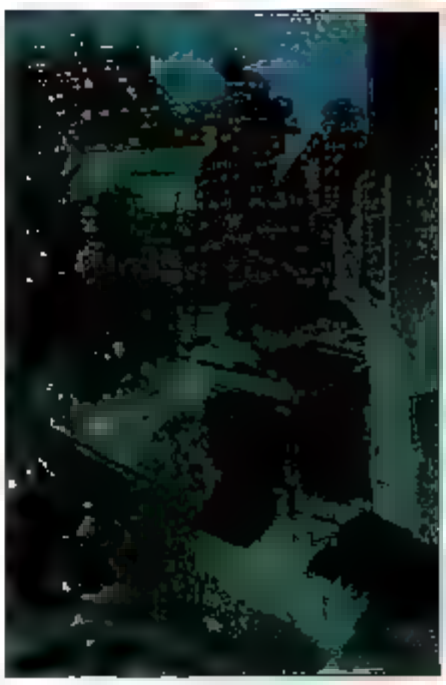
"No, sir, county records are not viewed without proper court order."

Foyle examined him keenly and without rancor. Asthenic type, he decided. "Not bribable, too repressed and strait laced, but repression's the chink in his armor."

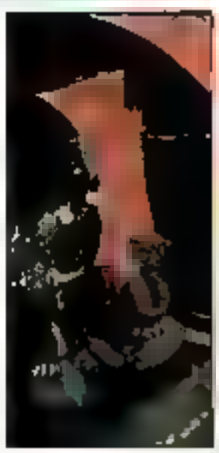
An hour later six followers from the Four Mile Circus waylaid the record clerk. They were of the female persuasion, endowed with vice. Two hours later the record clerk delivered up his information. The apartment building had been opened to jack-jaunting by a gas explosion two weeks earlier. Robin Wednesbury was in protective confinement in Mercy Hospital.

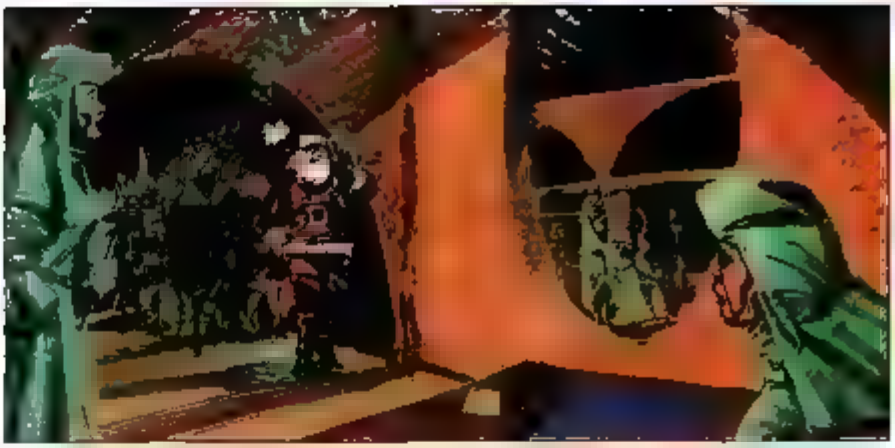
"Protective confinement?" Foyle wondered. "What's she done?"

It took a short time to organize a party in the Four Mile Circus. It was made up of musicians, singers, actors, and rabble who knew the Iron Mountain coordinates. Led by their chief buffoon, they paraded through the town spreading largess and laughter. They blundered into the radar field of the Proving Ground protection system and were driven out with laughter.

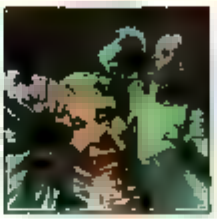


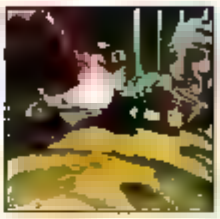
Fourmyle of Ceres, dressed as Santa Claus, scattering bank notes from a huge sack over his shoulder and leaping in agony as the induction field of the protection system burned his bottom, made an entrancing spectacle.





They burst into Mercy Hospital, following Santa Claus,who roared and cavorted with the detached calm of an elephant. He kissed nurses, made drunk attendants, pestered patients with gifts, littered corridors with money, and abruptly disappeared when the happy rioting reached such heights that the police had to be called. Much later it was discovered that a patient had disappeared too, despite the fact that she had been under sedation and was incapable of jaunting. As a matter of fact ,she departed from the hospital inside Santa s sack.





Foyle jaunted with her over his shoulder to the hospital grounds. There in a quiet grove of pines under a frosty sky, he helped her out of the sack.

She wore hospital pajamas and was beautiful.

He removed his own costume, watching the girl intently, waiting to see if she would recognize him and remember him.

She was alarmed and confused; her telesending was like heat lightning: "**Who is he? What's happened? The music. The uproar. Why kidnapped in a sack? Drunks slurring on trombones. 'Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus.' Adeste Fidelis. What's he want from me? Who is he?**"

"I'm Fourmyle of Ceres," Foyle said.

"What? Who? Fourmyle of— ? Yes, of course. **The buffoon. The bourgeois gentilhomme. Vulgarity. Imbecility. Obscenity. The Four Mile Circus.** Am telesending?"

"I hear you, Miss Wednesbury," Foyle said quietly.

"What have you done? Why? What do you want with me? I "

I want you to look at me.

"**Bonjour, Madame. Into my sack, madame. Ecco! Look at me.** 'm looking," Robin said, trying to control the jangle of her thoughts. She gazed up into his face without recognition. "**It's a face. I've seen so many like it. The faces of men. Everyman in rut. Will God never save us from brute desire?**"

My rutting season's over, Miss Wednesbury."

"I'm sorry you heard that. I'm terrified, naturally. I you know me?"

"I know you."

"We've met before? She scrutinized him closely, but still without recognition. Deep down inside Foyle there was a surge of triumph. If this woman of all women failed to remember him, he was safe, provided he kept blood and brains and face under control.

"We've never met," he said. "I've heard of you. I want something from you. That's why we're here, to talk about it. If you don't like my offer, you can go back to the hospital."

"You want something? **But I've got nothing. Nothing. Nothing's left but shame and— Why did the suicide fail? Why couldn't I—**"

"So that's it?" Foyle interrupted softly. "You tried to commit suicide, eh? That accounts for the gas explosion that opened the building. And your protective confinement. Attempted suicide. Why weren't you hurt in the explosion?"

"So many were hurt, but I was not. I'm unlucky, I suppose."

"Why suicide?"

"I'm tired. I've lost everything. I'm on the army gray list. Suspected, watched. No job. No family. Why suicide? What else but suicide?"

"You can work for me."

"What did you say?"

"I want you to work for me, Miss Wednesbury."

She burst into hysterical laughter. "For you? **Another camp follower in the Circus?** Work for you, Fourmyle?"

"You've got sex on the brain," he said gently. "I'm not looking for tarts. They look for me, as a rule."

"**I'm sorry. I'm obsessed by the brute who destroyed me. I—** I'll try to make sense." Robin calmed herself. "Let me understand you. You've taken me out of the hospital to offer me a job. You've heard of me. That means you want something special. My specialty is telesending."

"And charm."

"What?"

"I want to buy your charm, Miss Wednesbury."

"I don't understand."

"Why," Foyle said mildly, "it ought to be simple for you. I'm the buffoon. I'm vulgarity, imbecility, obscenity. That's got to stop. I want you to be my social secretary."

"You expect me to believe that? You could hire a hundred social secretaries. You expect me to believe that I'm the only one for you? That you had to kidnap me from protective confinement to get me?"

Foyle nodded. "There are thousands, but you can telesend."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"You're going to be the ventriloquist, I'm going to be your dummy. I don't know the upper classes; you do. They have their own talk, their own jokes, their own manners. If a man wants to be accepted by them he's got to talk their language."

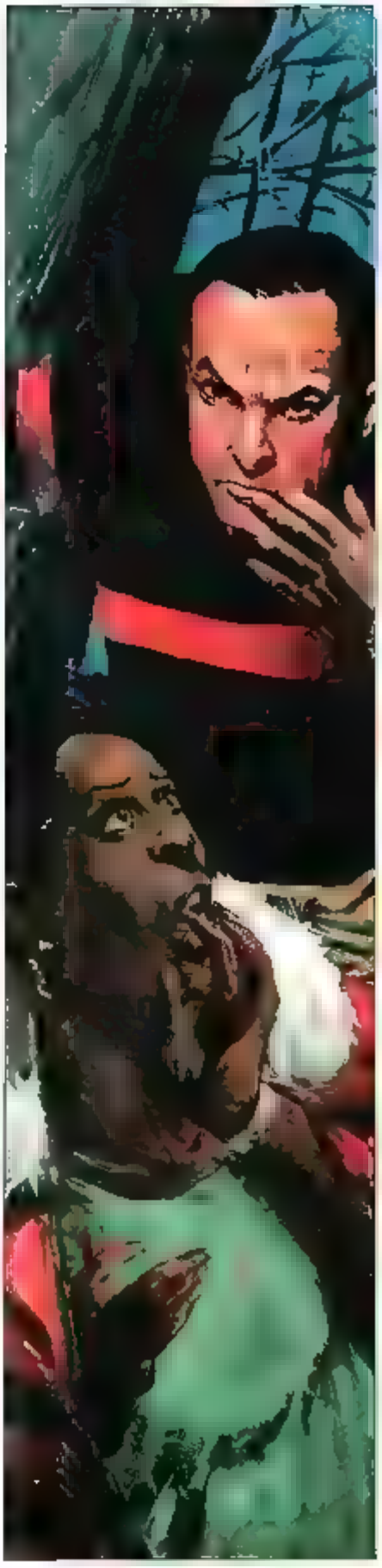
"You could learn."

"No. It would take too long, and charm can't be learned. I want to buy your charm, Miss Wednesbury. Now, about salary. I'll pay you a thousand a month."

Her eyes widened. "You're very generous, Fourmyle."

"I'll clean up this suicide charge for you."

"You're very kind."



"You'll be back on the white list by the time you finish working for me. You can start with a clean slate and a bonus. You can start living again."

Robin's lips trembled, and then she began to cry. She sobbed and shook, and Foyle had to steady her. "Well," he asked. "Will you do it?"

She nodded. "You're so kind. It's... I'm not used to kindness any more."

The dull concussion of a distant explosion made Foyle stiffen. "Another blue jaunte. I—" he exclaimed in sudden panic.

"No," Robin said. "I don't know what blue jaunte is, but that's the Proving Ground. They—" She looked up at Foyle's face and screamed. The unexpected shock of the explosion and the vivid chain of associations had wrenched loose his iron control. The blood-red scars of tattooing showed under his skin. She stared at him in horror, still screaming.

He touched his face once, then leaped forward and gagged her. Once again he had hold of himself.

"It shows, eh?" he murmured with a ghastly smile. "Lost my grip for a minute. Thought I was back in Gouffre Martel. Yes, I'm Foyle. You had to know, sooner or later, but I'd hoped it would be later. Will you listen to me?"

She shook her head frantically, trying to struggle out of his grasp. With detached calm he punched her jaw. Robin sagged. Foyle picked her up, wrapped her in his coat and held her in his arms, waiting for consciousness to return. When he saw her eyelids flutter he spoke again.

"I could blackmail you," he said. "I know your mother and sisters are on Callisto, that you're classed as an alien—belligerent by association. That puts you on the blacklist, ipso facto. Is that right? Ipso facto. 'By the very fact.' Latin. You can't trust hypno-learning. I could point out that all I have to do is send anonymous information to Central Intelligence and you wouldn't be just suspect any more. They'd be ripping information out of you."

He felt her shudder. "I'm not going to do it that way. I'm going to tell you the truth because I want to turn you into a partner. Your mother's in the inner Planets. She may be on Terra."

"Safe?" she whispered.

"I don't know."

"Put me down."

He set her on her feet.

"You destroyed me once," she said in choked tones. "Are you trying to destroy me again?"

"No. Will you listen? I was lost in space. I was dead and rotting for six months. A ship came up that could have saved me. It passed me by. It let me die. A ship named 'Vorga.' 'Vorga-T 1339.' Does that mean anything to you?"

"No."

"Jiz McQueen—a friend of mine who's dead now—once told me to find out why I was left to rot. That would be the answer to who gave the order. So I started buying information about Vorga. Any information."

"What's that to do with my mother?"

"Just listen. Information was tough to buy. The Vorga records were removed from the Business & Dig files. I managed to locate three names, three out of a standard crew of four officers and twelve men. Nobody knew anything or nobody would talk. I found this." Foyle took a silver locket from his pocket and handed it to Robin. "It was pawned by some spaceman off the Vorga. That's all I could find out."

Robin uttered a cry and opened the locket with trembling fingers. Inside was her picture and the pictures of two other girls. As the locket was opened, the holographs smiled and whispered: "Love from Robin, Mama." "Love from Holly, Mama." "Love from Wendy, Mama."

"It is my mother's," Robin wept. "It—she—for pity's sake, where is she?"

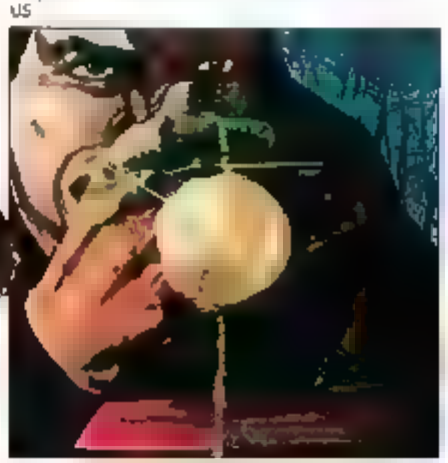
"I don't know," Foyle said steadily, "but can guess. I think your mother got out of that concentration camp one way or another."

"My sisters too. She'd never leave them."

"Maybe your sisters too. I think Vorga was running refugees out of Callisto. Your family paid with money and jewelry to get aboard and be taken to the Inner Planets. That's how a spaceman off the Vorga came to pawn this locket."

"Then where are they?"

"I don't know. Maybe they were dumped on Mars or Venus. Most probably they were sold to a labor camp on the Moon, which is why they haven't been able to get in touch with you. I don't know where they are, but 'Vorga' can tell us."



Are you lying? Tricking me?"

"Is that locket a lie? I'm telling the truth — all the truth I know. I want to find out why they left me to die, and who gave the order. The man who gave the order will know where your mother and sisters are. He'll tell you — before I kill him. He'll have plenty of time. He'll be a long time dying."

Robin looked at him in horror. The passion that gripped him was making his face once again show the scarlet stigmata. He looked like a tiger closing in for the kill.

"I've got a fortune to spend — never mind how I got it. I've got three months to finish the job. I've learned enough math to compute the probabilities. Three months is the outside before they figure that Fourmyle of Ceres is Gully Foyle. Ninety days. From New Year's to All Fools. Will you join me?"

"You?" Robin cried with loathing. "Join you?"

"All this Four Mile Circus is camouflage. Nobody ever suspects a clown. I've been studying, learning, preparing for the finish. All I need now is you."

"You're hurting me." Robin wrenched her arm out of Foyle's grasp.

"Sorry. I lose control when I think about Vorga. Will you help me find Vorga and your family?"

"You're rotten," Robin burst out. "You destroy everything you touch. Someday I'll pay you back."

"We work together from New Year's to All Fools?"

"We work together."

On New Year's Eve, Geoffrey Fourmyle of Ceres made his onslaught on society. He appeared first in Canberra at the Government House ball, half an hour before midnight. This was a highly formal affair bursting with color and pageantry, for it was the custom at formals for society to wear the evening dress that had been fashionable the year its clan was founded or its trademark patented.

Fourmyle of Ceres appeared in evening clothes, very modern and very black, relieved only by a white sunburst on his shoulder. The trademark of the Ceres clan. With him was Robin Wednesbury in a glittering white gown.

The black and white contrast was so arresting that an orderly was sent to check the sunburst trademark in the Almanac of Peerages and Patents. He returned with the news that it was of the Ceres Mining Company, organized in 2250. The House of Ceres had gone into eclipse, but had never become extinct.

"Fourmyle? The clown?"

"Yes. The Four Mile Circus. Everybody's talking about him."

Society clustered around Fourmyle, curious but wary.

"Here they come," Foyle muttered to Robin.

"Relax. They want the light touch. They'll accept anything if it's amusing. Stay tuned."

Are you that dreadful man with the circus, Fourmyle?"

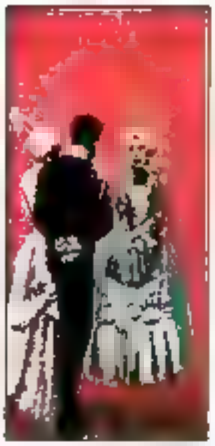
"Sure you are. Smile."

I am, madam. You may touch me.

Are you proud of your bad taste?"

"The problem today is to have any taste at all."

The problem today is to have any taste at all. I think I'm lucky.



Lucky but dreadfully indecent.

Indecent but not dull.

Why aren't you caveorting now?"

I'm under the influence, madam.

Oh dear. Are you drunk? I'm Lad Shrapnel. When will you be sober again?

I'm under your influence, Lady Shrapnel.

You wicked young man. Charles! Charles, come here and save Fourmyle. I'm ruining him.

"That's Victor of RCA Victor."

Fourmyle, is it? Delighted. What's that entourage of yours cost?"

"Tell him the truth."

Forty thousand, Victor.

Forty thousand a week?"

A day.

A day! What on earth d'you want to spend all that money for?"

"The truth!"

For notoriety, Victor.

Ha! Are you serious?"

I told you he was wicked, Charles."

Damned refreshing. Klaus. Here a moment. This impudent young man is spending forty thousand a day for notoriety. If you please.

"Skoda of Skoda."

Good evening, Fourmyle. I am much interested in this revival of the name you are, perhaps, a cadet descendant of the original founding board of Ceres, Inc.?

"Give him the truth."

No, Skoda. It's a title by purchase. I bought the company. I'm an upstart.

"Good. Toujours de l'audace!"

My word, Fourmyle. You're frank!"

Told you he was impudent. Very refreshing. There's a parcel of damned upstarts, young man, but they don't admit it."

Elizabeth, meet Fourmyle of Ceres.

Fourmyle! I've been dying to meet you.

"Lady Elizabeth Citroen."

Is it true you travel with a portable college?

"The light touch here."

A portable high school, Lady Elizabeth.

Why on earth, Fourmyle?

Oh, madam, it's so difficult to spend money these days. We have to find the silliest excuses. If only somebody would invent a new extravagance.

You don't travel with a portable inventor, Fourmyle?

No, he wastes his time on perpetual motion. What need is a soldier spendthrift?

Would any of your clans care to lend me a younger son?

Would any of us care to? There's many a clan would pay for the privilege of unloading.

Isn't perpetual motion spendthrift enough for you, Fourmyle?

No. It's a shocking waste of money. The whole point of extravagance is to act like a fool and feel like a fool, but enjoy it. Where's the joy in perpetual motion? Is there any extravagance in entropy? Millions for nonsense but not one cent for entropy. My slogan.

They laughed and the crowd clustering around Fourmyle grew. They were delighted and amused. He was a new toy. Then it was midnight, and as the great clock tolled in the New Year, the gathering prepared to jaunte with midnight around the world.

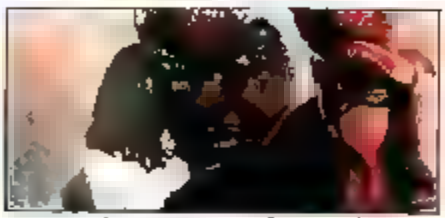
'Come with us, Fourmyle. Regis Shef field's giving a marve lous legal party

'Hong Kong, Four myle.

'Tokyo, Fourmyle It's raining in Hong Kong. Come to Tokyo and bring your circus

Thank you, no. Shanghai for me promise an extravagant reward to the first one who dis covers the deception of my costume. Meet you in two hours. Ready, Robin?'

"Don't jaunte. Bad manners. Walk out. Slowly. Languor is chic. Respects to the governor to the commissioner their ladies bien. Don't forget to tip the attendants. Not him, idiot! That's the lieutenant gover-nor. All right, you made a hit. You're ac-cepted. Now what?"



Now what we came to Canberra for thought we came for the ball The ball and a man named Forrest Who s that?'

'Ben Forrest, spaceman off the 'Vorga ve got three leads to the man who gave he order to let me die. Three names. A cook in Rome named Poggi; a quack in Shang-

hai named Orel; and this man, Forrest."

'We've got two hours to find Forrest. Do you know the coordinates of the Aussie Cannery?"

'I don't want any part of your revenge. 'm searching for my family

'This is a combined operation," he said with such detached savagery that she winced and at once jaunted

When Foyle ar-rived in his tent in the Four Mile Circus on Jervis Beach she was already chang-ing into travel clothes. Foyle looked at her. Al-though he forced her to live in his tent for security reasons he had never touched her. Robin caught his glance, stopped changing and waited.

He shook his head. 'That s al finished

'How interesting. You've given up rape?'

'Get dressed," he said, controlling him-self.

Tell them they've got two hours to get the camp up to Shang-

It was twelve-thirty when Foyle and Robin arrived at the front office of the Aussie Cannery company town. They applied for identification tags and were greeted by the mayor himself.

"Happy New Year," he caroled. "Happy! Happy! Happy! Visiting? A pleasure to drive you around. Permit me." He bundled them into a lush helicopter and took off. "Lots of visitors tonight. Ours is a friendly town. Friendliest company town in the world." The craft circled giant buildings below.

"Do tell," Foyle murmured.

"Yessir, we've got everything. You don't have to jaunte around the world looking for fun."

"Having absentee problems, see?"

The mayor refused to falter in his sales pitch. "We can afford more luxury transportation per capita than any other town on earth. Look at those homes. Mansions. Our people are rich and happy. We keep 'em rich and happy."

"Do you keep them?"

"What d'you mean? Of course we—"

"You can tell us. We're not job prospects. Do you keep them?"

"We can't keep 'em more than six months," the mayor groaned. "It's a headache. We give 'em everything but we can't hold on to 'em. They get the wanderlust and jaunte."

"Nobody can."

"There ought to be a law. Forrest, you said? Right here."

He landed them before a Swiss chalet set in an acre of gardens and took off. Foyle and Robin stepped before the door of the house, waiting for the monitor to pick them up and announce them. Instead, the door flashed red and a skull and crossbones appeared on it. "WARNING! THIS RESIDENCE IS MAN-TRAPPED BY THE LETHAL DEFENSE CORPORATION OF SWEDEN R.77-23. YOU HAVE BEEN LEGALLY NOTIFIED."

They walked around the chalet, pursued by the skull and crossbones flashing at intervals and the canned warning. At one side, they saw the top of a cellar window brightly illuminated and heard the muffled voices.

"Cellar Christians!" Foyle exclaimed. He and Robin peered through the window at a highly illegal scene. The twenty-fourth century had outlawed organized religion.

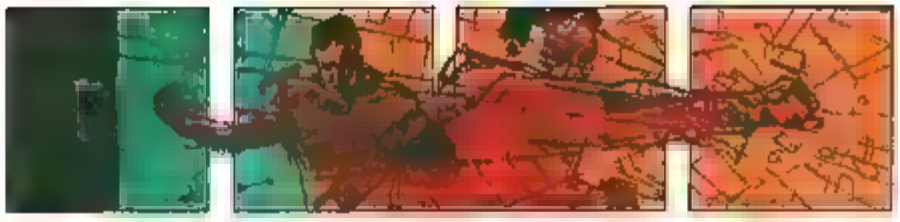
"No wonder the house is man-trapped," Foyle said.

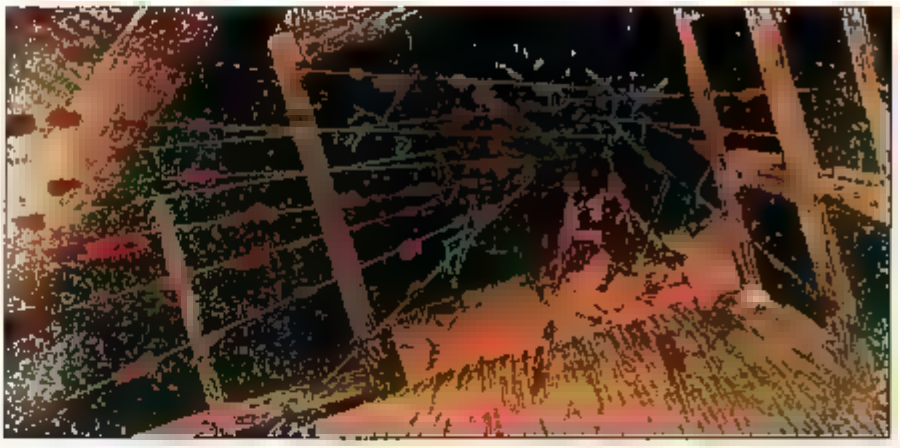
"Did you ever stop to think what religion is?" Robin asked quietly.

"This is no time for dirty talk," Foyle said impatiently. "Save it for later. Come."

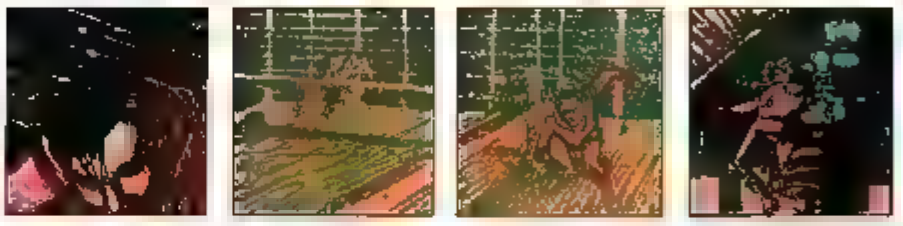
The rear of the chalet was a solid wall of glass, the picture window of a dimly lit empty living room.

Foyle triggered his body accelerated into a lightning blur and smashed a hole in the glass wall



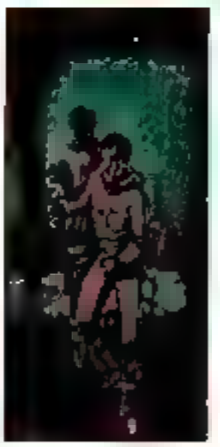


Far down on the sound spectrum he hear dull concussions They were shots Quick p jectiles raced toward him Foyle dropped the floor and tuned his ears sweeping from bass to superso at last he picked the hum of the



He turned his gently, pinpointed the location by bina F wove in through the stream of shots. demolished the mechanism He decelerated

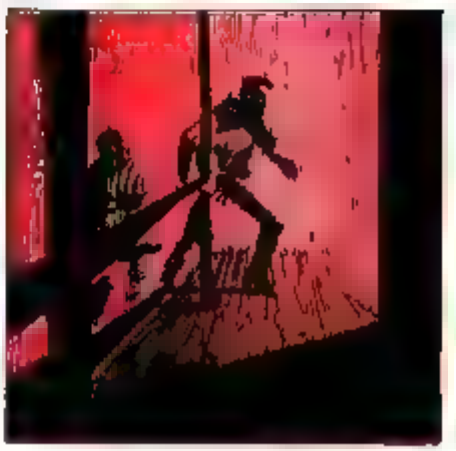
Come in, quick!' Robin joined him The Cellar Christians were pouring up into the house somewhere, emitting the sounds of martyrs



'Wait here Foyle grunted. He accelerated, located the Cellar Christians in poses of frozen flight, and darted through them He returned to Robin and accelerated

'None of them is Forest," he reported Maybe he's upstairs

They raced up the back stairs On the landing they paused to take bearings



'Have to work fast,' Foyle muttered. 'Between the shots and the riot—' He broke off. A low mewling sound came from a door at the head of the stairs. Foyle sniffed

'Analogue!' he exclaimed. 'Must be Forrest. How about that? Religion in the cellar and dope upstairs.'

'What are you talking about?'

'I'll explain later. In here. I only hope he isn't on a gorilla kick.'

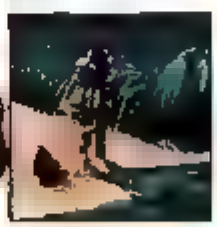
They were in a large, bare room. A heavy rope was suspended from the ceiling. A naked man was entwined with the rope midway in the air. He squirmed and slithered up and down the rope, emitting a mewling sound.

'Python,' Foyle said. 'That's a break. Don't go near him. He'll smash your bones if he touches you.'

Voices below began to call: 'Forrest! What's all the shooting!'

'Here they come,' Foyle grunted. 'Have to jaunte him out of here. Meet you back at the beach. Go!'

He whipped a knife out of his pocket, cut the rope, swung the squirming man to his back, and jaunted.



Foyle arrived with the squirming man oozing over his neck and shoulders like a python, crushing him in a terrifying embrace.

"Sinbad," he said in a strangled voice. "Old Man of the Sea. Quick girl! Right pockets. Three over. Two down. Sting ampule. Let him have it anywh—" His voice was choked off.

Robin opened the pocket, found a packet of glass beads, and took them out. Each bead had a bee-sting end. She thrust the sting of an ampule into the writhing man's neck. He collapsed. Foyle shook him off and arose from the sand. He took a deep breath. "Blood and bowels. Control," he said.

"What was all that horror?" Robin asked.

"Analogue. Psychiatric dope for psychotics. Illegal. A twitch has to release himself somehow. He identifies with a particular kind of animal—gorilla, grizzly. Takes the dope and turns into the animal he admires. Forrest was queer for snakes, seems as if."

"How do you know all this?"

"Told you I've been studying. Show you something else I've learned, if you're not chicken-livered. How to bring a twitch out of Analogue."

Forrest cried out in terror.

"You were aboard the 'Vorga' on September 16, 2436."

The man sobbed and shook his head.

"On September sixteen you passed a wreck. Out near the asteroid belt. Wreck of the 'Nomad,' your sister ship. She signaled for help. 'Vorga' passed her by. Left her to drift and die. Why did 'Vorga' pass her by?"

Forrest began to scream hysterically.

"The records are all gone from the Bo'ness & Utg files. Someone got to them before me. Who was that? Who was aboard 'Vorga'? Who shipped with you?"

"No," Forrest screamed. "No!"

Foyle opened another pocket in his battle coveralls and got to work on Forrest. Robin watched for a moment, then uttered a horrified cry, turned and walked to the edge of the water. She stood, staring blindly at the surf and the stars, until the mewling and the twisting ceased and Foyle called to her.

"You can come back now."

Robin returned to find a shattered creature seated upright on the beach gazing at Foyle with dull, sober eyes.

"You're Forrest?"

"Who the hell are you?"

"You're Ben Forrest, leading spaceman. Formerly aboard the Presteign 'Vorga.'"

Foyle held a sheaf of bank notes before the hysterical man's face. "I'll pay for the information. Analogue for the rest of your life. Who gave the order to Forrest? Who?"

The man smote the bank notes from Foyle's hand, leaped up, and ran down the beach. Foyle tackled him at the edge of the surf. Forrest fell headlong, his face in the water. Foyle held him there.

"Who commanded 'Vorga,' Forrest? Who gave the order?"

"You're drowning him!" Robin cried.

"Let him suffer a little. Water's easier than vacuum. I suffered for six months. Who gave the order, Forrest?"

The man bubbled and choked. Foyle lifted his head out of the water. "What are you? Loyal? Crazy? Scared? Your kind would sell out for five thousand. I'm offering fifty. Fifty thousand for information or you die slow and hard."

The tattooing appeared on Foyle's face. He forced Forrest's head back into the water and held the struggling man. Robin tried to pull him off.

"You're murdering him!"

Foyle turned his terrifying face on Robin. "Get your hands off me! Who was aboard with you, Forrest? Who gave the order?"

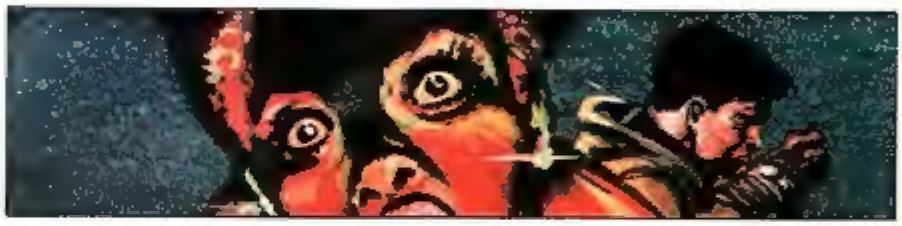
Forrest twisted his head out of the water. "Twelve of us on 'Vorga,'" he screamed. "There was me and Kemp—"

He jerked spasmodically and sagged. Foyle pulled his body out of the surf.

"Go on. You and who? Kemp? Who else? Talk."

There was no response.

"Dead," he growled. "Just when he was opening up. What a damned break." He took a deep breath and drew calm about him like an iron cloak. The tattooing disappeared from his face. He adjusted his watch for 120 degrees east longitude. "Almost midnight in Shanghai. Let's go."



"Maybe we'll have better luck with Sergei Orel, pharmacist's mate off the 'Vorga.' Don't look so scared, girl. Jaunte!"

Robin gasped. He saw that she was staring over his shoulder with an expression of incredulity. Foyle turned. A flaming figure loomed on the beach, a huge man with burning clothes and a hideously tattooed face. It was himself.

Foyle took a step toward it, and abruptly it was gone.

He turned to Robin, stunned. "Did you see that?"

"Yes."

"What was it?"

"You."

"Me? How's that possible? How—"

"It was you."

"But—" He faltered, the strength and furious possession drained out of him. "Was it illusion? Hallucination?"

"It was Gully Foyle," Robin said, "burning in hell."

"All right," Foyle burst out angrily. "It was me in hell, but I'm still going through with it. If I burn in hell, Vorga'll burn with me." He pounded his palms together. "Shanghai next. Jaunte!"

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